The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 278 MAR. 1948

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

28th November, 1947.

Dear Sir Patrick,

The Beaver Coat which the Hudson's Bay Company have given me as a Wedding Present is perfectly lovely and I send the Company my most grateful thanks for their kindness and generosity. I have already worn the coat since my Wedding, and I can assure you that it is in every way delightful. Would you tell all concerned what a welcome present they have given me and how genuinely pleased I am with it?

Yours sincerely,

Elizabeth

Princess Elizabeth, wearing her new beaver coat, and the Duke of Edinburgh (right), leave King's Cross Station for Scotland on the second part of their honeymoon. (For a description of the Princess's coat, see the Spring Packet.)
International News Photos

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OUTFIT 278

MARCH 1948

Fit for a Princess. Beaver kits on top of their house. *Lorene Squire.*

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 — WINNIPEG, CANADA

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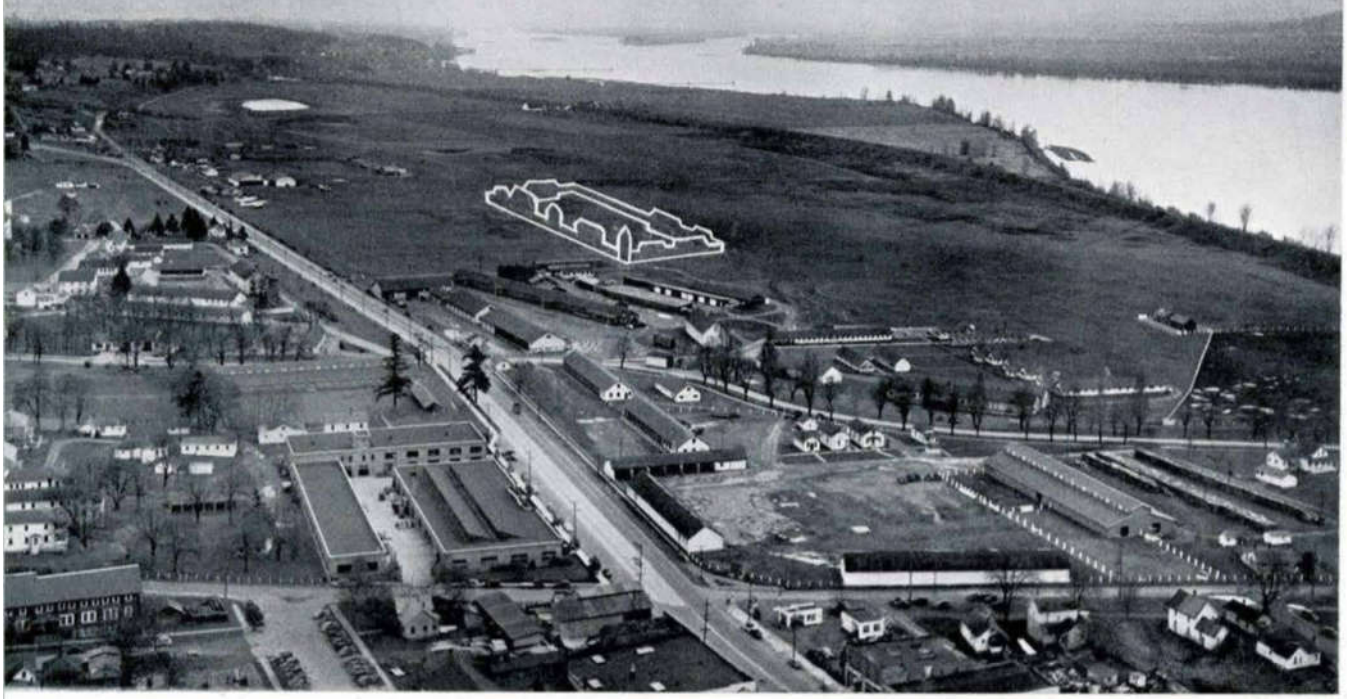
EXCAVATING FORT VANCOUVER

by Louis R. Caywood



This photo, looking up the Columbia towards Mount Hood, was taken in 1940. An outline of Fort Vancouver has been superimposed to show the approximate position of the palisade.

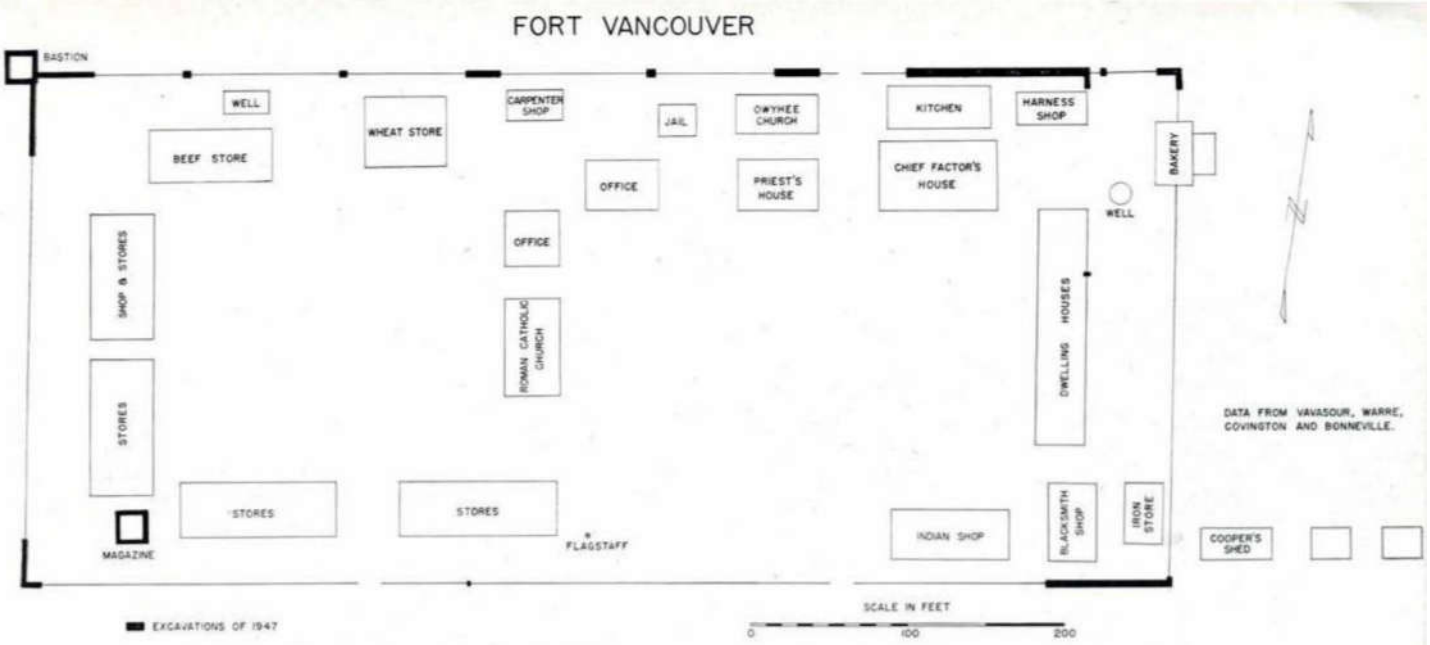
THE eyes of the Pacific Northwest have recently been focused on an excavation in Vancouver, Washington, sponsored by the U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service. History made by the Hudson's Bay Company was unearthed; history which goes back to the days when a few British subjects searched for a site to establish a trading post in the wilderness of the vast Oregon Country. The site which was chosen and established was to become the hub of all trading activities in the West—from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean and from Alaska to California.

For many years movements have been under way by historically conscious citizens to find, preserve and restore old Fort Vancouver. The fruition of these efforts has been partially realized as a result of a Congressional conference committee report, which requested that funds of the National Park Service appropriation be utilized for the purpose of determining its exact location and extent.

Fort Vancouver was founded in 1824-5 on the north bank of the Columbia River at the time that it was decided to abandon Fort George, which was located on the south bank of the river at its mouth. The site selected by Chief Factors Kennedy and John McLoughlin was on a terrace overlooking the Columbia and the plain where the later fort was to be constructed during 1828 and 1829. The 1824 location of Fort Vancouver was intended to be only a trading post, as the plan was to establish the headquarters depot on the Fraser River. On March 18, 1825, Governor George Simpson prophesied in his journal that the new fort "will in Two Years hence be the finest place in North America, indeed I have rarely seen a Gentleman's Seat In England possessing so many natural advantages and where ornament and use are so agreeably combined. This point if situated within One Hundred Miles of London would be more valuable to the proprietor than the Columbian Trade." Next day he "Baptised it by breaking a Bottle of Rum on the Flag Staff," and called for three cheers for King George IV.

Fort Vancouver would have served its purpose well except for a number of factors which made its move imperative. First, the Fraser River was not suitable as a headquarters depot for a route to the interior, and second, the original site of the fort was not adequate as a district headquarters. It proved to be too far from the river for the easy transportation of furs and commodities. There was not an available water supply nearer than the river, which made it necessary to keep one man constantly at work supplying water by tank cart. Third, since the boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain had not been settled it was decided that a strong establishment should be located on the north bank of the Columbia.

In the fall of 1828, it was decided to move Fort Vancouver nearer the river, where water would be available from wells within the stockade. There the high ground of a small plain overlooked the majestic Columbia, and a picturesque lagoon leading in from



National Park Service plan of the fort. The heavy lines show the extent of the excavations made last year.

the river would facilitate loading and unloading of the trappers' bateaux. The observations of the famous fur trader, Jedediah Smith, who was wintering at Fort Vancouver, are interesting. He describes the larger fort as being three hundred feet square and under construction when he left in the spring of 1829.

Situated as it was at the headwaters of navigation, about one hundred miles from the river's mouth, the post developed into the emporium of trade for the Columbia Department. Dr. John McLoughlin had been appointed to head this immense area from Fort Vancouver, in 1826. Under his able leadership and with the direction of Governor Simpson, the fort also became the seat of political and military authority for a vast wilderness region.

The three volumes of *McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters* published for the Hudson's Bay Record Society are of extreme value to the study of the history of the period. However, Dr. McLoughlin was not systematic by nature and his letters were devoted to subjects of special concern to the particular authority he was addressing. Unfortunately, nothing of value about the construction details of either fort is contained in any of his correspondence. During Dr. McLoughlin's leave of absence to London in 1838-1839, James Douglas wrote, "We have since harvest completed the new Granary which may contain about 18 thousand Bushels of Grain and lastly we have renewed 350 yards of the Fort Stockade. Other improvements are becoming daily more necessary, in consequence of the age and decaying state of the buildings, to which we will give attention as means permit."

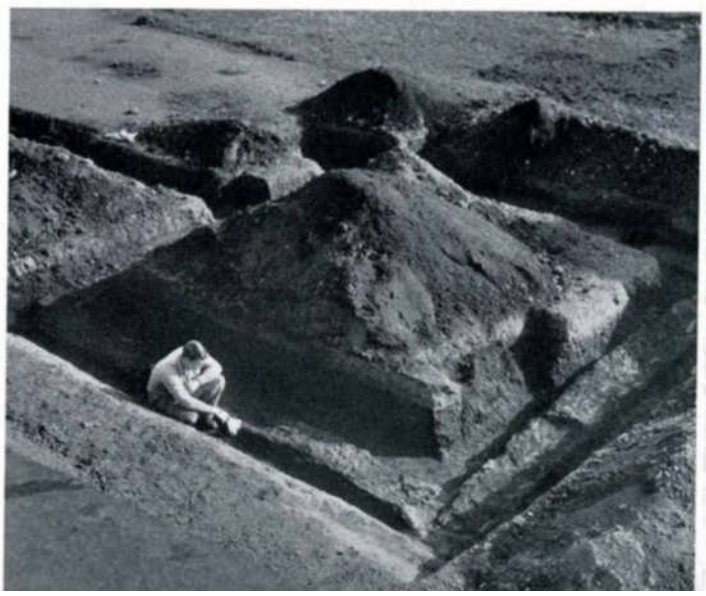
Some information about the size and construction of Fort Vancouver has been obtained from other sources. One of the best descriptions comes from the journal of Lieutenant George F. Emmons written in 1841. (The original document is in the Yale University Library.)

Lieutenant Emmons was at Fort Vancouver from July 25 to August 2 after the U.S. Sloop of War, *Peacock*, of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, was lost on the Columbia bar on July 17. He gives a rough diagram in his journal and states that the size of the fort was approximately 400 by 700 feet, more than twice the size of the structure described by Smith in 1829. The layout is of great interest since it shows no evidence of fortifications. Commander Wilkes, who was in charge of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, mentions in his description of the fort the absence of bastions, galleries, and loop holes. Emmons' diagram and description indicate that the stockade was constructed of pickets about twenty feet long, buried from two to three feet in the ground and supported on the inside by scantlings and braces.

Another map, made by Lieutenant Vavasour, when he and Lieutenant Warre visited the post in 1845, shows a plan of the fort with a bastion in the northwest corner in addition to all of the buildings within the stockade. According to the scale given, the stockade would have measured 320 by 690 feet. In his written report, Vavasour recommended that a small bastion be added at the southeast angle to flank the south and east sides.

A drawing by R. Covington appears in the third volume of *McLoughlin's Letters* showing Fort Vancouver and the village in 1846. This plan differs in some respects from that of Vavasour. The locations of the employees' residences and structures used by

Excavating the foundation timbers of the bastion. The earth here was burned to a ruddy brown from the fire which destroyed it.



Members of the British Boundary Commission encamped at Fort Vancouver in May 1860. ***B. C. Archives***

the Hudson's Bay Company make the drawing of considerable value.

After the U.S. Army established the military reservation embracing the stockade there were at least two different maps prepared. The first of these was made by Lieutenant-Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville in 1854 and the other was a survey by order of Brigadier General W. S. Harney in 1859. Both of these maps show the stockade within the boundaries of the reservation. On the Bonneville map the fort was carefully plotted in and indicates the existence of stone markers at each corner. The excavation failed to reveal stone markers at any of the corners. A map accompanying a report, published in 1870, on barracks and hospitals of military posts does not show the stockade. The text of this report, however, tells of "the extensive stockade and trading houses of the Hudson's Bay Company near to which was a village of half-breeds, Kanaka, and other employees. The bottom lands between the garrison and river, as well as those east and west are subject to overflow, and it has been not unusual to have all communication with the Hudson Bay Fort cut off except by bateaux and rafts."

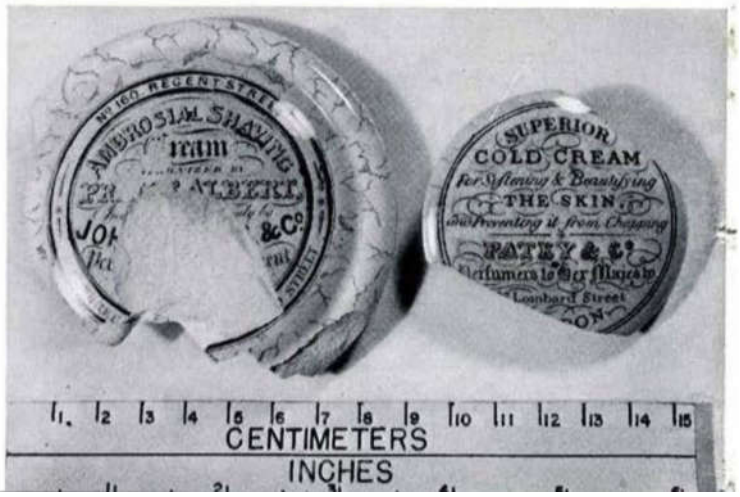
The end of activity for the old fort came in 1860 when it was vacated by the Company. Dr. McLoughlin had retired and moved to Oregon City about the beginning of 1846, and James Douglas had transferred the district headquarters to Victoria in 1849. The Hudson's Bay Company licence for the control of British trade in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains expired on May 30, 1859. A board of U.S. Army officers examined the buildings and stockade after abandonment and recommended that most of them be burned as they were unfit for use. It is known that by 1866, nothing remained to mark the site of the old fur trade capital on the Columbia River.

The fascinating project of finding the exact location of the old stockade proved to be a game of hide and seek. Many pioneers knew its approximate location, but none were able to tell exactly where it had been. The early maps were of value, because they indicated the approximate site, after they had been plotted on modern maps. Surface indications also revealed some evidence of the old fort. Fortunately, there are only a few military buildings in the area today. A small airport for the use of private airplanes covers the southern end of the reservation. It was on one of the airport runways, which had recently been scraped, that historic objects such as rusty iron trap springs, broken china, trade beads, bits of clay pipes, and gun flints appeared. Trenching here revealed a wealth of such material, but no evidence of foundations.

Several times while walking over the area a few half-hidden flat stones were noticed. When they proved to be the remains of the foundation of the powder magazine, the location of the west stockade wall was soon plotted approximately *on the ground* by measurements scaled from the Vavasour map. The next step was to locate definitely the rotted stockade posts. The spot chosen for trenching was in the northwest corner of the stockade. Trenches were dug to intercept both the west and north walls, and strangely the remains of both walls were found simultaneously.

After the rotted Douglas fir posts of the stockade wall began to come to light, the greatest problem was solved—that of location. The next step was to determine the extent. The condition of the posts differed according to location. In compact, damp earth, there was hardly any trace of them unless they had been burned; in which case the charcoal was in good condition. In dry, loose earth, the posts were remarkably well preserved in spite of the fact that they had been buried for more than a century. The depth at which the posts were found varied from six inches to two feet from the present surface, depending upon whether there had been a fill or removal of earth. Almost all of the posts showed signs of having been sheared off by ploughs; so it is no wonder the exact site of the fort was unknown. Why the stone foundation of the powder magazine had not been torn out of the ground by ploughing will never be known. In the area of the northeast corner, huge blocks of reinforced concrete flooring, which had been broken up and buried by the U.S.

Pomade jar covers dug up on the site of the fort.



Spruce Division after 1919, not only hindered the work of excavation, but had obliterated all traces of sections of the stockade wall.

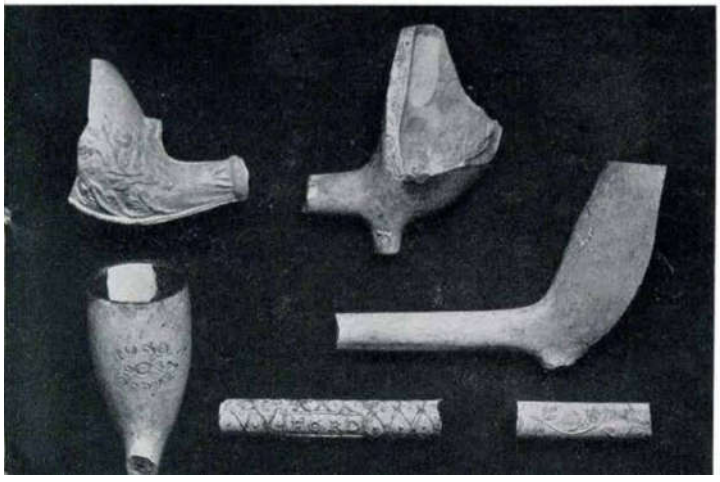
Each one of the four corners was uncovered and the dimensions of the fort were found to be 326 by 733 feet. At the northwest corner the charred foundation timbers of the bastion were uncovered. It is believed that the only reason these remains were preserved from the plow was because of the construction of a barn over this area by the U.S. Army soon after the conflagration. The earth in this section was hard packed and black as though it had been trampled by stock over a period of many years.

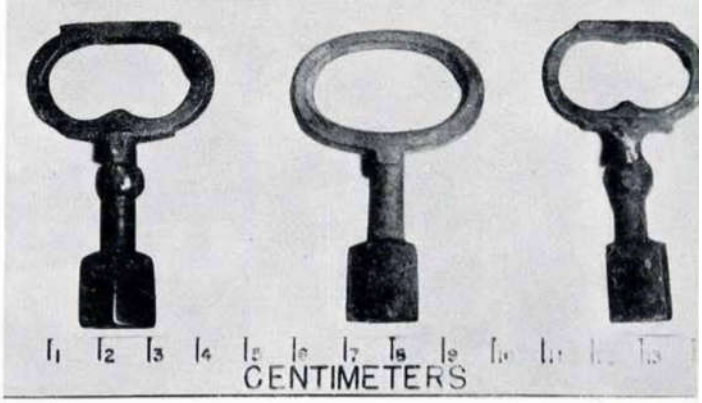
Thousands of broken objects of historic interest were found, all of which were of European or American origin. Not a thing of Indian manufacture was found in connection with the excavation. The importance of Fort Vancouver as a centre of operations is emphasized in the finding of such large quantities of English earthenware, china, glass, iron, and clay pipes. It was the rendezvous for the Company's western fur trade as well as the depot for all goods brought from England.

An iron store and blacksmith shop were part of the stockade establishment, and a cooper's shed was located immediately outside the southeast corner. Quantities of standard size strap, bar, and rod iron were delivered to the fort by vessels sailing from England. Thirty-eight sizes of strap iron were uncovered in addition to six thicknesses of plate iron, six sizes of bar, and ten sizes of rod. The strap iron ranged in thickness from one-sixteenth inch to one inch, with widths from one-half inch to three and one-half inches. In all, some 3,555 pieces of iron came to light. The fact that so much standard size strap, rod, bar, and plate iron was found would indicate that many of the iron tools and supplies were fabricated by blacksmiths at Fort Vancouver.

Fragments of broken English earthenware were found everywhere. A total of 6,252 pieces was collected during the excavation. The greater percentage of this ware was manufactured by Copeland & Garrett between the years 1833 to 1847. Sixty-four pieces were sent to Copeland & Thompson Inc., the Spode representatives in the United States, for identification and for dates of manufacture. Almost all of the patterns were Spode and fell within the years 1820 to 1860. However, two of the Spode's patterns, according to identifications, were considerably earlier than 1820. The names of these patterns were Spode's "Italian" and "Tower." The colours in which the Spode glazes were printed include blue, green, gray, puce, brown, and pink. A number of other kinds of earthenware and some Chinese porcelain were also found, but all have

A few of the hundreds of clay pipe fragments found during the National Park Service excavations.





Brass keys that probably served for door handles.

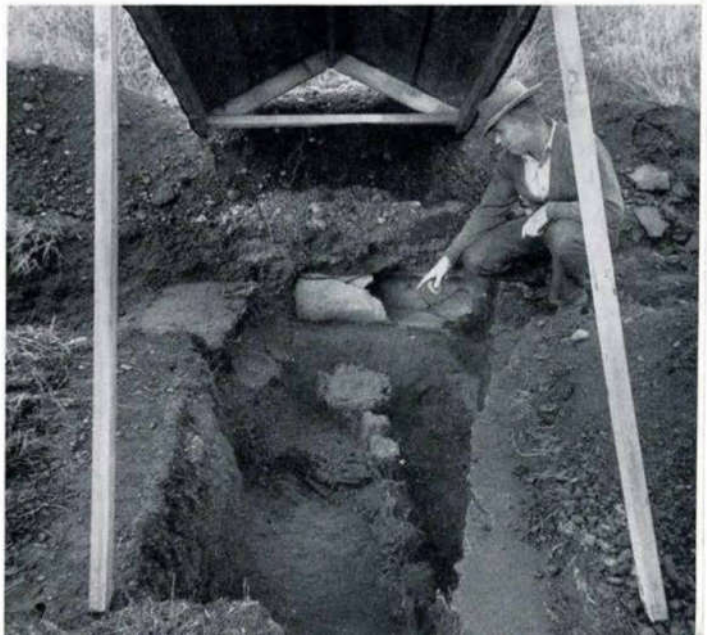
not been identified. The Chinese porcelains consist of both dinnerware and utility jars commonly called "ginger jars."

Portions of pomade jar covers were also found. Two of these identified themselves as belonging to a cold cream jar and to a shaving cream jar by the advertising on the covers which was in black. Pomade jars were a specialty of Pratt's and the covers are still in great demand by collectors, because they were done artistically, both in pattern and colour. The pomade cover advertising shaving cream fitted the only jar found. The bottom of the jar bears the imprint "COSNELL" and "1½ oz."

The glass count amounted to 1,615 fragments. Broken bottles, window glass, and a few choice items of table glass make up the collection. The bottles probably contained wine, rum, and brandy. In addition, about 2,000 trade beads of various colours and sizes were found near one of the store houses in the west portion of the stockade. These were undoubtedly all of Venetian origin.

All things considered, the exploratory excavations proved successful. The primary purposes of finding the stockade and determining its dimensions were achieved. In addition, many historic objects dating from the period when the Hudson's Bay Company occupied the area were uncovered and are being preserved for study and possible exhibition. It is the hope of the local population that time may produce a museum which will be built near the site of the old fort. The foundations of buildings within the stockade still remain to be uncovered.

The author points to some of the remains of the fort stockade at the northeast corner. The concrete flooring and the tile belonged to a mill erected about 1917.



SIR GEORGE for the DEFENCE

by Chester Martin

THE accompanying letter from Sir George Simpson to the Hon. John Ross may be said to mark, in some respects, the zenith in the long history of the Hudson's Bay Company. A few weeks later a Select Committee of the British House of Commons was appointed "to consider the State of those British Possessions in North America which are under the Administration of the Hudson's Bay Company." Before this committee the Hon. John Ross was the first witness and Sir George himself was the fourth. The report of the Select Committee in the following July was a landmark in British policy.

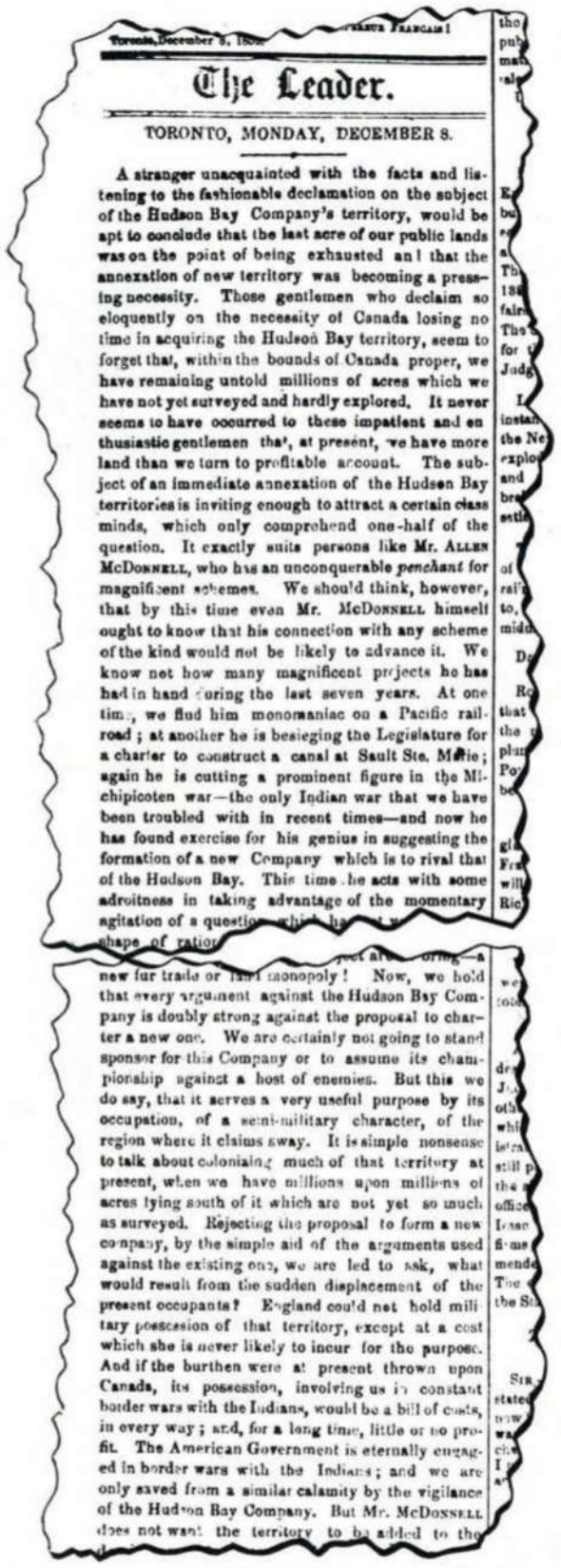
In 1856 the Company controlled more than one quarter of the continent, the largest area ever brought under one administration in British North America. Rupert's Land was held by the old charter of 1670. The areas westward to the Pacific and northward to the Arctic were held by license of 1821, renewed in 1838 but due to expire in 1859. Vancouver Island had been granted to the Company in fee simple in 1849. It is a remarkable fact that at Lachine, near Montreal, Sir George Simpson, "the little czar" of this vast empire for a whole generation, was a witness at close quarters to some of the most dynamic changes in Canadian history. Already in 1851 Sir Edmund Head in New Brunswick had forecast the first project of confederation based squarely upon self-government and a national destiny. Seven years later Head (then governor-general of Canada) and A. T. Galt were to launch confederation irretraceably into practical politics, and John Ross himself was to go with Galt and Cartier to the Colonial Office on that mission. And yet there is scarcely a sentence in Sir George Simpson's letter in 1856 which was not demonstrably true at that time.

The article in the *Leader* to which Sir George refers would be hard to identify in the deluge of comment which swept over the Canadian press in 1856, were it not for internal evidence in the article itself. The leading editorial in the *Leader* of December 8 refers to a dozen topics subsequently discussed by Ross before the Select Committee, with conclusions that were invariably the same: the Canadian conflict with the Indians on Michipicoten Island, the futile attempt to organize from Canada "another North West Company" against the Hudson's Bay Company, the "very useful purpose" served by the Company in holding "the regions where it claims sway," their tenure of the King's posts in Canada, and many other details. The main argument of both letter and evidence was that the Hudson's Bay Company should cede their territory piecemeal to Canada "whenever it is required for settlement," and that it was "simple nonsense to talk about colonizing much of that territory at present." It is obvious that Ross either wrote the article in the *Leader* himself or dictated its contents; and since it was not published until December 8 it is probable that Ross enclosed a galley proof in his letter of December 6 or simply informed Sir George of its forthcoming publication.

The temper of the Canadian press in 1856 as a rule was much more acquisitive. When Vankoughnet, then president of the executive council, declared in September of that year that the western boundary of Canada ought to be the Pacific, the claim was "echoed throughout the province by the press, and by public men of all degrees." The columns of the *Globe* in particular, made a fetish of the West; and when two young Torontonians, Buckingham and Coldwell, founded the *Nor'Wester* at Fort Garry in 1859, the "cross-ruffle" between them and George Brown was very effective. But the railway had now supplanted the canoe and the voyageur; and even the half-forgotten traditions of the North West Company, as Sir George shrewdly remarks, scarcely warranted the rosy hopes of Canadian trade. Ross himself in his evidence before the Select Committee "hedged" unblushingly when the problem of compensation both to the Indians and to the Hudson's Bay Company emerged as a corollary of Canadian expansion. The proud record of the Company with the Indians was conceded, while "from Oregon to Florida, for these last 30 years or more, there has been a constant Indian war going on between the natives of the American territory on the one side and the Indian tribes on the other." Even for Canada Sir George's savage thrust was perhaps warranted by the facts: "there is more grog consumed . . . by the inhabitants of the little Iroquois village of Caughnawagah [across the river from Lachine] than by the tens of thousands of natives inhabiting the whole of the Hudson's Bay Territory." The final shot on the validity of the charter was vindicated by the verdict of the Colonial Office on the eve of the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada in 1870:

> "The Company have held their Charter, and exercised privileges conferred by it, for 200 years . . . and various law officers, consulted in succession, have all declared that the validity of this Charter cannot justly be disputed by the Crown."

Perhaps the most interesting problem to emerge from this letter is the position of John Ross. A member of the Canadian Assembly since 1848 and of the government from 1851 to 1856, as solicitor-general, attorney-general, and finally speaker of the Legislative Council, Ross described himself before the Select Committee as the "head of the trunk railway [Grand Trunk] of Canada." His evidence reflects in many ways the views of Sir George Simpson. What were the subsequent relations between the Grand Trunk, the Baring interests which represented the senior bondholders of the railway, and the International Financial Society which purchased a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company in 1862? The integration of these three under the political and financial necromancy of Edward Watkin raises one of the most interesting speculations of Canadian history. The fact that John Ross was thinking in terms of friendly association with the Hudson's Bay Company as early as 1856 would seem to indicate a trend of Grand Trunk policy long before Watkin himself appeared upon the scene.



Toronto, December 8, 1856. L'HONNÊTE FRANÇAIS!

The Leader.

TORONTO, MONDAY, DECEMBER 8.

A stranger unacquainted with the facts and listening to the fashionable declamation on the subject of the Hudson Bay Company's territory, would be apt to conclude that the last acre of our public lands was on the point of being exhausted and that the annexation of new territory was becoming a pressing necessity. Those gentlemen who declaim so eloquently on the necessity of Canada losing no time in acquiring the Hudson Bay territory, seem to forget that, within the bounds of Canada proper, we have remaining untold millions of acres which we have not yet surveyed and hardly explored. It never seems to have occurred to these impatient and enthusiastic gentlemen that, at present, we have more land than we turn to profitable account. The subject of an immediate annexation of the Hudson Bay territories is inviting enough to attract a certain class minds, which only comprehend one-half of the question. It exactly suits persons like Mr. ALLEN McDONNELL, who has an unconquerable *penchant* for magnificent schemes. We should think, however, that by this time even Mr. McDONNELL himself ought to know that his connection with any scheme of the kind would not be likely to advance it. We know not how many magnificent projects he has had in hand during the last seven years. At one time, we find him monomaniac on a Pacific railroad; at another he is besieging the Legislature for a charter to construct a canal at Sault Ste. Marie; again he is cutting a prominent figure in the Michipicoten war—the only Indian war that we have been troubled with in recent times—and now he has found exercise for his genius in suggesting the formation of a new Company which is to rival that of the Hudson Bay. This time he acts with some adroitness in taking advantage of the momentary agitation of a question which has [illegible] shape of ration[illegible]

[illegible] new fur trade or fur monopoly! Now, we hold that every argument against the Hudson Bay Company is doubly strong against the proposal to charter a new one. We are certainly not going to stand sponsor for this Company or to assume its championship against a host of enemies. But this we do say, that it serves a very useful purpose by its occupation, of a semi-military character, of the region where it claims sway. It is simple nonsense to talk about colonising much of that territory at present, when we have millions upon millions of acres lying south of it which are not yet so much as surveyed. Rejecting the proposal to form a new company, by the simple aid of the arguments used against the existing one, we are led to ask, what would result from the sudden displacement of the present occupants? England could not hold military possession of that territory, except at a cost which she is never likely to incur for the purpose. And if the burthen were at present thrown upon Canada, its possession, involving us in constant border wars with the Indians, would be a bill of costs, in every way; and, for a long time, little or no profit. The American Government is eternally engaged in border wars with the Indians; and we are only saved from a similar calamity by the vigilance of the Hudson Bay Company. But Mr. McDONNELL does not want the territory to be added to the [illegible]

Parts of the editorial in the Toronto *Leader* to which Sir George refers in his letter to Ross. Some of Mr. McDonnell's "magnificent projects" seem to have had a grain of wisdom in them after all.

Public Archives of Canada

George Simpson in his younger days—possibly before he came to Canada. Reproduced through the kindness of Mrs. Gordon Konantz (a great-great-granddaughter) from a miniature in her possession.

One sentence alone, perhaps, in Sir George's letter is open to convincing challenge: "the importance to Canada of the opening up of the Company's territory . . . is vastly overrated." By 1856 the Illinois Central, first of the American land-grant railways, was already canalizing around the Great Lakes towards Red River one of the most forthright movements of migration in history. However beneficent the Hudson's Bay Company may have been for the native Indian, it could no longer hold the line against the United States. The fate of Oregon seemed imminent for Red River, and it is not surprising that the Select Committee recommended in July 1857, a prodigious new train of policy for British North America: that Vancouver Island should be resumed by the crown, that settlement should be extended eastward towards the Rocky Mountains, and that "the districts on the Red River and the Saskatchewan," in particular, should be "ceded to Canada on equitable principles."

Simpson's letter, the original of which is owned by Dr. J. C. Goodwin of Toronto, reads as follows:

Hudsons Bay House
Lachine 12. December 1856

Private

My dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your obliging letter of the 6. inst. and have perused with much interest the article in the "Leader" to which you refer.—The subject is ably handled and I hope the people of Canada will see there are two sides to this, as to every other question.—We have not entered upon newspaper controversy, from a feeling that it would be endless and unprofitable—in fact, the time

for discussion has not yet arrived—when it does come, we shall be prepared to present a very good case. You are kind enough to offer your valuable assistance in this way, of which I may hereafter avail myself; in the meantime I may notice two or three points which are not very well understood.—

The importance to Canada of the opening up of the Company's territory and trade is vastly overrated. If an association were organized in Canada to oppose the Hudsons Bay Company, they might expect the fate of their predecessors the North West Company. The access to the Indian territory from Canada is very difficult—at present, in fact, impracticable for transport on a large scale, and the Canadian adventurers would soon find they labored under great disadvantages and that it is no easy matter to divert the trade from established channels.—The good old times of the North West Company are often quoted, but though not generally known, it is a fact that the Hudsons Bay Co. at this time employs more money in various operations within the Province of Canada, than ever the North West Co. had the means of doing in their palmiest days.—

If the destruction of the Indian race is thought necessary or desirable, then the withdrawal of the protection they receive from the Hudsons Bay Co. would be the readiest means of arriving at that end. Every resident in Canada is familiar with the degraded hopeless condition of the miserable remnants of the Indian race within this province, & such would be the fate of the populous tribes of the interior after a few years contact with whites. There is more grog consumed within the year by the inhabitants of the little Iroquois village of Caughnawagah, than by the tens of thousands of natives inhabiting the whole of the Hudsons Bay Territory.—

The settlement of such portions of their territory as are well suited for the purpose is by no means opposed by the Company, on the contrary, they would be glad to facilitate the occupation by agricultural colonists of the prairie lands about Red River—the most inviting portion of the territory: the presence of such a population would be both agreeable and advantageous to the Company; but unfortunately settlers cannot be easily induced to go to that remote region, and when they get there they are anxious to leave it. If any reasonable & feasible

Hon. John Ross, Q.C., from a photo by Notman. This engraving illustrated his obituary notice in the *Canadian Illustrated News* of March 4, 1871.

scheme of settling a portion of the territory were proposed, the Company would no doubt be ready to co-operate with the Government of England or Canada in that object.—

I will only remark further, with reference to the Company's Chartered rights & powers—that it is conveniently assumed by most writers and speakers that the Company are always in the wrong, always acting illegally and without the sanction of the British Government.—No reasonable persons, I presume, give credit to such gross misrepresentations, but it might be well the people of Canada should know that the question of the validity of the Company's Charter was brought before Parliament about seven years ago, was thoroughly sifted by the Colonial Office and submitted to the Crown Law Officers, whereupon the

Part of John Ross's evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. From page two of the report

J. Ross, Esq.

February 1857.

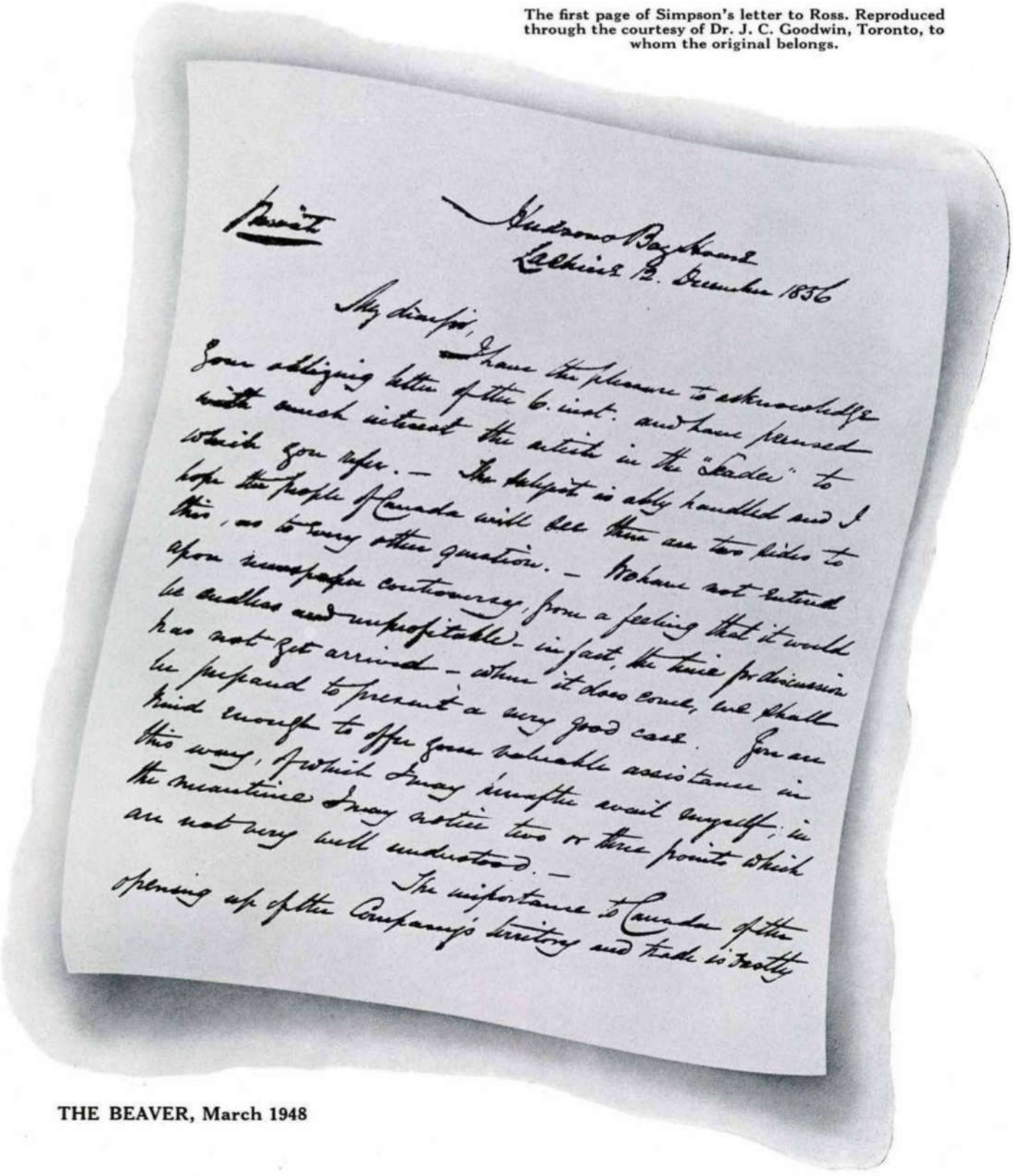
Canadian public, it will then be considered somewhat in the light in which I view it. It is complained that the Hudson's Bay Company occupy that territory and prevent the extension of settlement and civilisation in that part of the continent of America. I do not think they ought to be permitted to do that, but I think it would be a very great calamity if their control and power in that part of America were entirely to cease. My reason for forming that opinion is this: During all the time that I have been able to observe their proceedings there, there has been peace within the whole territory. The operations of the Company seem to have been carried on at all events in such a way as to prevent the Indian tribes within their borders from molesting the Canadian frontier; while, on the other hand, those who have turned their attention to that quarter of the world must have seen that from Oregon to Florida, for these last 30 years or more, there has been a constant Indian war going on between the natives of the American territory on the one side and the Indian tribes on the other. Now, I fear very much, that if the occupation of the Hudson's Bay Company, in what is called the Hudson's Bay Territory, were to cease, our fate in Canada might be just as it is with the Americans in the border settlements of their territory.

Attorney General & Solicitor General of England reported, under date January 1850 to Earl Grey the then Secretary for the Colonies, as follows—"That having regard to the powers in respect of territory, trade, taxation and Government claimed by the Hudsons Bay Company in the statements furnished to your Lordship by the Chairman of that Company, we are of opinion that the rights so claimed by the Company do properly belong to them. On this subject we entertain no doubt—." The claims in question were to the whole of the lands embraced within the Chartered limits, with the exclusive right of trade & criminal & civil jurisdiction therein.

Believe me My Dear Sir Yours very truly
G. SIMPSON

The Honble John Ross

The first page of Simpson's letter to Ross. Reproduced through the courtesy of Dr. J. C. Goodwin, Toronto, to whom the original belongs.


Private

Hudsons Bay House
Lachine 2. December 1856

My dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your obliging letter of the 6. inst. and have perused with much interest the article in the "Leader" to which you refer. — The subject is ably handled and I hope the people of Canada will see there are two sides to this, as to every other question. — We have not entered upon newspaper controversy, from a feeling that it would be endless and unprofitable — in fact, the time for discussion has not yet arrived — when it does come, we shall be prepared to present a very good case. You are kind enough to offer your valuable assistance in this way, of which I may hereafter avail myself; in the meantime I may notice two or three points which are not very well understood. —

The importance to Canada of the opening up of the Company's territory and trade is pretty

A Chipewyan hunter, Robinson Throassie, with his kill on the edge of the barrens.

Caribou for Chipewyans

Photos by
Richard Harrington

Story by
Douglas Leechman

Having removed the caribou's head, Throassie starts the skinning operation by slitting the hide down the middle and inside the hind legs. He peels off the skin in one piece, rolling the carcass over as he does so. After that he removes the intestines and quarters the carcass, working smoothly and rapidly while Harrington keeps clicking.

This group of photographs illustrates the process of dressing caribou skins—a process which has altered little from that used by the ancestors of the Chipewyans in the distant past.

The caribou has always been the Chipewyans' staff of life. Like the pig in civilization, almost every part of the animal is used by the natives for food, clothes, bedding, bags, or implements. What is not fit for humans is devoured by the dogs.

Richard Harrington took these pictures near Caribou post in the northern part of Manitoba, on the edge of the barrens. Getting the Indians to do their daily tasks in positions that would photograph well was quite a job. The Chipewyans are historically unco-operative. None of them spoke more than ten words of English, and everyone thought the white visitor must be crazy to come all those hundreds of miles to photograph everyday chores and commonplace objects. Some of them even became surly when the camera started clicking. But though Mr. Harrington's plans were frequently thwarted by their obstinacy and transparent excuses, his outward patience and composure won them over in the end, and one old dame even offered him, unasked, a drink of tea in a tin cup carefully polished with spittle and a rag. (He enjoyed it, too.)

There is today probably no tribe of Canadian Indians more primitive than these northern Manitoba "Chips." Though most of them have been to Churchill—150 miles away as the plane flies—and seen trains, automobiles, and steamers, they still live much as their forebears did. It is true that they now dwell in canvas tents instead of skin teepees, chop their wood with steel axes instead of stone, and bring down their caribou with .303's instead of bows and arrows; but they are still less dependent on the white man's goods and food than they are on their historic source of supply—*e-dthen*, the caribou.

Back at camp, his wife takes the skin in hand and begins to dress it. First she gets out her fleshing tool, drapes the hide over a log, and hacks away at the flesh still adhering to the under side of the skin. This tool is of the primitive type used by Canadian Indians for centuries, and is made of the shank of a moose, with a sharp serrated cutting edge. After the flesh has been removed, the skin is turned over and the hair, which has been soaked in water, removed with a sharp knife. The skin is then washed in warm soapy water and wrung out.

THE POINTED SKINS

An account—partly historical—of the Chipewyan Indians, whose name comes from a Cree word meaning "pointed skin."

by Douglas Leechman

THE sad fate of one caught between the upper and the nether millstones is well exemplified by the Chipewyan Indians who live to the north and west of Churchill, Manitoba. They must have found themselves caught many years ago, long before the Hudson's Bay Company first opened a trading post there in the early 1700's.

The upper millstone was represented by the Eskimos to the north of the Chipewyans; the nether millstone, by the Crees to their south. And they lived in between, between the forests and the barrens, in the Land of Little Sticks.

The Eskimos, though poor enough by our standards in those early days were, by comparison, well-off and self-reliant, smiling and helpful, competent and alert. The Chipewyans had great contempt for these Eskimos; they considered them childish, and sneered at their cheerful laughter and joking.

The Crees, too, they held in contempt; their language differed from Chipewyan, and so did their customs. They were strangers, barbarians, and therefore contemptible.

The actual fact of the matter was that the Chipewyans were definitely inferior to both Crees and Eskimos. They were among the least "Indian" of all the Canadian Indians, and in no way resembled the haughty warriors of the plains pictured by legend, or the eloquent Iroquois, or the skilful Algonquin woodsmen.

Everybody held the same opinion of them. There was seldom a good word spoken for the "Northern Indians" as they were called, to distinguish them from the Crees who came from the south. Samuel Hearne knew them as well as anybody ever did, and he didn't like them. His report was: "Their dispositions are in general morose and covetous, and they seem to be entirely unacquainted with the name of gratitude. They are forever pleading poverty, even among themselves."

Peter Fidler knew them, too. He spent the long cold winter of 1791-1792 in their company, from September 4 to April 10, with no tent, one scanty suit of clothing, and little equipment. He found them "indifferent hunters."

Their sense of inferiority showed up in any number of ways. Their name for the white man, for instance, was a term which can be translated as "those for whom the land exists," that is to say, the natural owners and masters.

Their home land is a maze of lakes and streams; the "dry" parts a far-stretching swamp of muskeg, too wet to walk on in summer, but not wet enough to float a canoe. The climate is continental, bitterly cold in winter, chilly and wet in spring and autumn, warm and wet in summer when incredible swarms of mosquitoes make life an endless torment for man and beast.

They live on the great pre-Cambrian shield, hunting on the barrens, taking shelter in the forests to the south in winter. The principal trees are black spruce and tamarack, with white spruce on the drier ridges and poplar in the valleys. Here many kinds of animals are found, for it is the zone of transition between the forests and the tundra and so the fauna and flora of both regions are represented. There are caribou (by far the most important to the Chipewyan), moose, bear, beaver, muskrat, otter, marten, mink, lynx, squirrel, and porcupine. Birds and fish, too, abound and play their part in the native economy.

In his personal appearance, the Chipewyan is quite distinct from the Cree. Hearne says: "Their features are peculiar and different from any other tribe in those parts; for they have very low foreheads, small eyes, high cheek-bones, Roman noses, full cheeks and in general long broad chins. Their skins are soft, smooth and polished; and when they are dressed in clean clothing they are as free from an offensive smell as any of the human race."

Their language differs radically from that of their two neighbours, being a dialect of the great Athapaskan group, one of whose distinguishing characteristics is the use of pitch accent, or musical tone, to produce a variation in meaning, a device familiar to us in the Chinese. Some dialect of Athapaskan is spoken from the land of the Chipewyans right up into the interior of Alaska and, in scattered settlements along the western limits of the continent, right down to the southwestern United States—for Navaho is an Athapaskan language.

The Chipewyans are almost exclusively hunters and fishermen. Theirs is a land which prohibits agriculture entirely, and they rely very little even on wild plants in their economy. A few berries are eaten in summer, a tea used to be made from Hudson's Bay tea or Labrador tea (*Ledum*); the half digested contents of a caribou's stomach are sometimes boiled or eaten as a salad, but for the rest, it's meat and fish from one year's end to another, eked out to-day with flour, lard, sugar, and other items of white man's food.

The caribou is the chief source of meat. Other animals are considered second rate, some of them hardly regarded at all. When the Chipewyans first came to Fort Prince of Wales to trade, it was noted that they made no attempt to take any of the seals and white whales which frequented the river mouth in numbers. That would have involved developing a new hunting technique, an effort which they apparently did not care to make.

The bow and arrow, the snare, lance and dagger were the principal weapons used in caribou hunting. Now the bow is only a memory, and the rifle has taken its place. For close quarters, the caribou lance is sometimes used, often from a canoe in autumn. For

Every part of the caribou is used. The tongue is a delicacy, and the heads provide the brains used to soften the skin.

The woman on the left is splitting open a caribou head to get at the brains, which the woman on the right is removing.

this they used to employ a special lance head, five and a half inches long, which penetrated just enough to produce a mortal wound without embedding itself so deeply as to be difficult to extract.

Sometimes caribou were decoyed within range of an ambushed hunter by rattling pieces of antler together. In the proper season, this sound apparently led a caribou to assume that two bulls were fighting over a cow, and so he hurried to the scene in the hope of taking advantage of their pre-occupation.

Snares, made of tough babiche, were often placed at the narrow end of two converging lines of branches or sticks stuck upright in the ground. The caribou were driven gently forwards till they found themselves entangled in a thicket beset with snares from which escape was impossible. Much skill was displayed in the construction of these caribou fences and those who built them were careful not to walk inside the enclosure itself, and never to touch the snares with their bare hands, lest the caribou should smell them.

Years ago, fish used to be shot with a special arrow which was barbed but had no retrieving line, such as was used with fish arrows in some districts. Now this method of fishing has disappeared, though some fish are still speared from canoes in summer.

Nets are the usual method of catching fish today. They are used all through the year, being set under the ice in winter. Modern nets are made of cotton twine, but the old people remember nets made from the inner bark of the willow, which had to be twisted into twine and tied into nets under water, lest the bark became too brittle and break in the net-maker's hands.

The Chipewyan is a good fisherman and, like most good fishermen, he used to be intensely serious about charms and taboos in fishing. He would be quite in sympathy with the Cornish fisherman who would never dream of mentioning hares or rabbits while at sea. The Chipewyan hung his nets with all sorts of odds and ends to bring him luck, such as the feet and beak of a loon, a bird who knows a good deal about fishing himself.

Fish hooks, too, were baited with charms rather than bait. The most improbable portions of small mammals were considered quite irresistible lures and the value of an individual hook depended on what it had already caught, so that a new hook was thought to be almost useless, the argument being that it had never managed to catch anything yet!

In summer, birds' eggs form a welcome addition to the diet, and an egg is an egg, whether fresh or set, raw or hard-boiled.

Before new ways were adopted, nearly all meat was boiled by means of hot stones dropped in the birch-bark vessel with the meat and water, not nearly as slow and inefficient a method as one might think. To-day, though usually boiled, some meat is roasted and some fried. Quite a lot of meat and fish is dried and smoked for winter use; a little is eaten raw, as is marrow.

Some parts of the caribou are considered delicacies, such as the muzzle, the tongue, and the back fat. The larvae of the warble or bot fly, lying under the skin ready to emerge at the proper time, are eaten greedily and highly relished.

A haggis is made by chopping up bits of caribou meat, mixing it with blood, chewed fat, and the stomach contents, and hanging the whole thing in the paunch, to simmer and stew over the camp fire for a few days. Blood soup is made in much the usual way, with the addition of bits of fish and *tripe-de-roche*, a black and gelatinous lichen.

There used to be certain customs and taboos connected with eating. The men ate first, then the women and children, and the larger the group eating together, the more closely was this custom adhered to. Only old men would venture to eat bears' feet, or the fat tail of the porcupine; young men feared the first would make them slow, and the second, too fat.

Tools once were made from copper and stone, but these techniques have quite disappeared now and the people are dependent on the storekeeper for their needs. Copper was obtained from the Coppermine River in the far northwest, bartered from one group to another, or sought at its source by special expeditions. Trading with the Eskimos, they exchanged caribou-skin moccasins and snowshoes for dogs and soapstone.

Travel in summer was by canoe, and in winter one walked, dragging a toboggan about ten feet long and one wide made from thin slats of tamarack. It was the women who did the dragging, for in primitive times the dogs they had were, in the words of Richardson, "useful for the chase, but unfitted for draught." Later they got larger and more powerful dogs and the women had a somewhat easier time.

Woman's work is never done, not even among the Chipewyan, for there are always caribou skins to work on. The process is long, slow, and laborious and, in a settlement of any size, one may nearly always hear the swish, swish, swish of the skin scraper as some woman labours at the hides. Before canvas tents came into general use, caribou skins were used and it is said that as many as sixty were needed to cover a large tent. They were sewn together in groups of four or six, more easily handled than if they were all in one huge sheet.

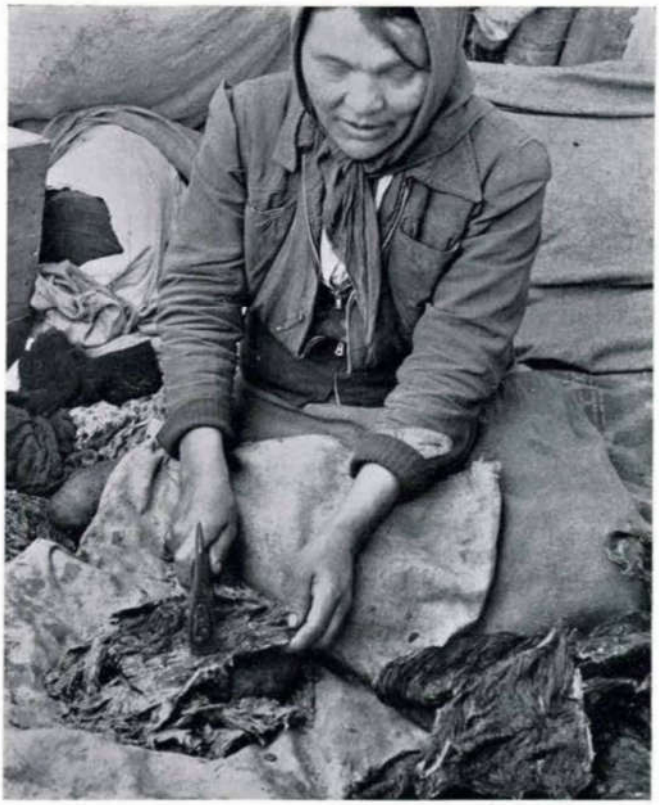
Caribou skins are used, too, to make clothes, principally a tunic which comes to the middle of the thigh. These tunics used to have a point behind, and sometimes in front too, and it is from this that the tribal name derives, from the Cree word *chipwayanawok*, meaning "pointed skin." (Some say that they used to dry their beaver skins in such a way as to produce a point and that this may have been the origin of the name.) Beneath the tunic are leggings, also of caribou skin, and moccasins of the same material. (See the cover of the Dec. 1947 *Beaver*.)

Another important product of caribou skins is babiche, made from the dehaired hide. The skin is spread out flat and a long thong produced by cutting in a spiral, in a clockwise direction, starting from the edge.

The Chipewyan may lay some claim to being the first "rugged individualist." Each man was a law unto himself; he knew no chiefs, no clans, no secret societies, no age groups, nothing to which one had to belong or conform. A man had as many wives as he could feed and hold. Holding a wife, especially a desirable one, was not easy, for a husband must be prepared to wrestle with any man who cared to challenge him. Sometimes these matches were sudden and unpremeditated; at others, there was time for such preparations as cutting off one's hair and greasing one's ears, so as to give the antagonist as little advantage as possible. The strongest man got the finest women, but he had to be prepared to prove his right to them at any moment.

The brains are kneaded by hand until they turn into a paste that looks like sandwich-spread. Then water is added, until the mixture is the consistency (to use Mr. Harrington's phrase) of cream-of-mushroom soup. The skin is then soaked and rubbed in it (left), wrung out, and stretched to dry outside (above) where it freezes as stiff as cardboard. The holes are caused by caribou lice—the larvae of the bot fly.

When the skin is dry, it is softened by pulling over a wire, and by stretching as shown in the picture below. If it is to be used for moccasins, coats, etc., it is smoked on a tripod of sticks over a smudge, and turns brown.



Thin slabs of caribou meat are dried over the stove in the tent, then taken down (left) and cut into strips, or pounded on a stone (above) until they break up into powder. This is mixed with caribou backfat to make pemmican.

Though they were by no means clean by our standards, the young people made some attempt to enhance their personal appearance. They used paint and tattooing, and anointed their hair and faces with caribou fat. The young men would pluck out any whiskers which sprouted on their chins, but the old men let such vanities die with their youth.

All round them were the unknown forces of nature, dimly apprehended and understood not at all. At times these forces might be propitiated; at all events they must not be offended, and numerous were the taboos which must be observed to avoid their anger. Caribou, of the land, and fish, of the water, must not come into contact; the muzzle of the caribou must always be ceremoniously cut off, for it was regarded as the seat of the soul; dogs must neither be killed nor eaten, and an injured or exhausted dog was simply left by the trail side, rather than killed in mercy. Women must not touch either bear skins or wolf skins.

And at last, when all the long journeys are over and the last portage is in sight, comes death. The aged and infirm were often abandoned at their own request when they could go no further. After a death occurred in camp, the place was left and all the property of the deceased was destroyed. Often enough, the body was left lying on the ground, without either covering or protection.

The dead man's spirit journeyed in a canoe hewn from stone to the island of the dead. If he had lived a good life, he attained his goal; but otherwise the canoe would sink when he was halfway there, leaving him standing for eternity with his feet mired in the bottom and his head barely above surface, once more caught between the upper and the nether millstones.

Even the antlers of the caribou are sometimes used. Here the palmated part of one has been fixed on the back of a toboggan as a brake. To apply the brake—step on it.

Paris to Peel's River in 1892

An early woman tourist describes her experiences going down north fifty-six years ago.

by Grace Lee Nute

LEAVING the Latin Quarter of Paris to the impassioned appeals of a dressmaker, who insisted that a travel dress for Arctic rivers and portages ought to have at least a *little* train; arriving at the Peel River post beyond the Arctic Circle to the good humoured laughter of an old Eskimo woman, who found the newcomer's dress simply too funny for words; and returning to civilization at an Edmonton hotel "dripping wet and splashed with mud," according to a contemporaneous description—these were a few of the experiences of a woman traveller down the Mackenzie River in 1892.

Elizabeth Taylor is the only woman included in a United States government list of the great explorers of North American Arctic regions published in 1908[1]. She was the daughter of a St. Paul (Minnesota) man, James Wickes Taylor, who was long (1870-1893) American consul at Winnipeg, urged union between the United States and much of western and northwestern Canada, actively furthered the purchase of Alaska by his country, was deep in the plans for transcontinental railroads in both countries, and published much about Canada, including *Resources of the Great Mackenzie Basin*.

1. U.S. Dept. of Agric. Bureau of Biological Survey. *North American Fauna*. No. 27. *A Biological Investigation of the Athabaska—Mackenzie Region*. By Edward A. Preble (Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1908).

His daughter, who travelled much with him in childhood, later went by herself to France, Norway, England, and Canada. She was a bit of an artist, botanist, ornithologist, and general scientist. Her trip down the Mackenzie in 1892 was ostensibly to gather natural specimens, but as one reads her lengthy manuscript diary and pores over her sketches, the thought comes, inevitable and convincing, that she was urged on by the true explorer's passion when she followed in the wake of the canoes and dog teams of Peter Pond, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir John Franklin, Robert Kennicott, and many other Mackenzie River explorers.

The year 1892 was modern enough that a woman could go on such a trip, but not sufficiently emancipated that she and her trip were taken as a matter of course. The Paris *couturiere* was an example. Three years later Miss Taylor wrote of her: "I have a lively recollection now of a struggle I had with a dressmaker in Paris . . .; her impassioned appeals for a *little* train, her dismay at the full skirt when only 'bell skirts' were worn." The experiences of many years of Miss Taylor's camping trips went into that dress: "The plain skirt [long of course] was made of some firm material used by the French for hunting-suits and rendered waterproof by a chemical process. It was a small check, in two shades of leaf brown, and the same material was used for a short mantle with detachable hood, long gaiters, and long cuffs to protect the wrists in wet weather. A blouse and full knickerbockers of soft twilled goods, and felt hat of brown, and stout horse-

Scows on the Athabaska River tied up while the crews have lunch. ***J. W. Mills.***

Miss Taylor took this picture of the S.S. *Grahame*, first steamer in the Mackenzie River basin, at Smith's Landing (now Fort Fitzgerald) before the brigade of Red River carts set off for Fort Smith. This was the *Grahame's* ninth year of operation.

hide boots, made a suit that was delightfully comfortable and not too unconventional."

She left the Latin Quarter the latter part of March, paused a few days to sketch in Rouen, proceeded to London for a few weeks, and then sailed for Montreal. The great London naturalist whose technical advice she sought in the matter of specimen collecting, was thoroughly skeptical when, in answer to his question about the enemies she would encounter, she replied that the worst would be the mosquito. But of course she was right. Pages of her diary are replete with accounts of those pests, which in myriads settled on a hand even momentarily ungloved to gather a flower specimen and stuff it in the bag suspended from her waist.

She went by railroad to Calgary and Edmonton. The recent completion of that means of transportation made it possible for her to make her trip in one summer season. A woman could hardly venture into Hudson's Bay Company trading posts to spend a winter, as young Robert Kennicott had done thirty years before. Therefore it was only when she could reach the last outpost of civilization—Edmonton—early enough to get transportation on the Company steamboats, *Athabasca*, *Grahame*, and *Wrigley*, that she could make the trip at all.

The spring was just showing as she went by team a hundred miles northeast from Edmonton in May 1892. It was driven by a Mr. Tate, or Tait, who had been with the Earl of Southesk and other famous explorers. At Athabaska Landing the first steamboat was to meet her and others, as well as the annual supplies for all the Company posts of the Mackenzie River basin—McMurray, Chipewyan, Smith, Resolution, Rae, Providence, Simpson, Norman, Good Hope, and McPherson or Peel River.

At the landing Miss Taylor interested herself in examining the lading for her steamboat, the *Athabasca*. "Such a variety of packages addressed to such interesting places," she writes; "tobacco put up in parcels of 65 lbs. each stitched up in dull red painted canvas, boxes of 'Old Honesty' oysters from Mobile, Ala.; neat, strong, polished kegs of sugar for the Catholic Missions, plainer unpolished ones for the H. B. Co.; bales of blankets of 95 lbs. weight from England, sacks of flour, great flat greasy sacks of bacon, boxes of apricots and canned peaches, and boxes of evaporated fruit."

Miss Taylor was supposed to have the best stateroom on the boat, but when she boarded it, in the company of Bishop Reeve and Mr. Levick, the chief factor from Edmonton, she found herself relegated to a much inferior one. "Mine, a single, had a hay tick only as furniture, no toilet articles whatsoever, and no bedding. I unpacked my blankets and went to bed. Had just settled for the night when a big drop fell on my nose and then another. I got up, spread the mackintosh over the slats above, and lay down again. But from the pattering above me, I saw that I should soon be deluged, so I rose, balanced myself uncertainly on the edge of the berth, and untied my bag of camping things, placed a frying pan under the leak, and tried to sleep again. But the leaks came faster and faster, and in fact I spent the entire night in warfare with the waters."

About a mile above the Grand Rapids the boat tied up for the night. Here the rapids boats—sturgeon-head boats they were called, "something between a scow and a York boat" with blunt, rounded bows—met the steamboat and loaded while the passengers disembarked for the portage across the island at the head of the rapids. An unprecedented rise of the river kept the passengers encamped for several days on the island, but finally on June 13 everything, including the two passengers, was in the open boats and tossing wildly down the miles of rapids. "I was not as scared as I expected," wrote Miss Taylor, "except at one place where the boat was let down just to the head of a fall, 15 men behind and 5 in front holding it back with ropes, the men on a slippery narrow ledge where it seemed impossible for anyone to stand. Then it seemed dreadful, like some nightmares I have had,

Elizabeth Taylor's skill with the pencil is shown in this sketch of the *Grahame's* captain.

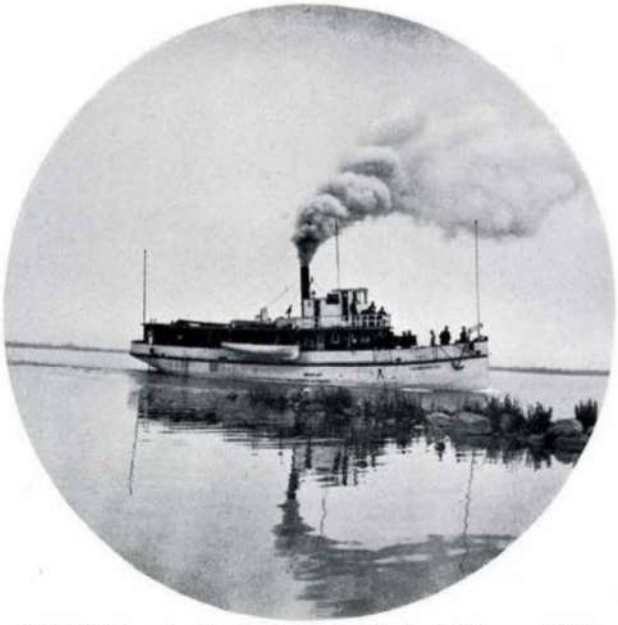
but it was over in a few minutes." Just before reaching Fort McMurray "in a rapid, the stern of the boat swung around sharply in the wrong place, and I had quite half a barrel of water doused over me from head to foot. I was wet through, and had to sit wrapped up to the eyes in ulsters and blankets till we got to Fort McMurray.

"I never tired of watching the men of the brigade. As we approached a stretch of rapids, at a signal from the steersman the great oars would be put in place and with shouts the men would bend to their work—rising to their feet at every stroke, hair flying, spray dashing from the long blades—and the boat would be sent down the current at a speed that outstripped that of the rapids and placed the boat under control of the steersman. Then when we reached a quieter place the oars would be unshipped, and the men would stretch out comfortably on the pieces smoking. I listened in vain for any of the old *voyageur* songs—not one was to be heard."

The steamboat, *Grahame*, met them below the rapids. Now there were three bishops aboard: "Bishop Young, who leaves us at Fort Smith; Bishop Reeve, and Bishop Clut, the Catholic one who goes to Fort Good Hope, I think. Dr. Mackay from Chipewyan is on board. This boat is very comfortable." On June 19 they reached Lake Athabaska, where a high wind prevented them for four days from crossing the lake to Fort Chipewyan. The oxen for the portage near Fort Smith were on board, having been put on at Fort McMurray. "And at this place there was no grass on shore. So the captain took up a contribution for the oxen in the shape of pink calico bags of hay which are the only furnishings of the bunks. As I had a rubber bed [air mattress] my tick was among the first to go."

Only a two-hour stay was possible at Chipewyan, much to Miss Taylor's disappointment. She made a "hasty walk about the fort enclosure. . . .First the Hudson Bay enclosure, at each end a large warehouse of whitewashed logs, then the Factor's house, clerks' houses, blacksmith's, flag staff, observatory, all built of hewn logs. Then a long line of neat looking little white houses where the employees and their families

Screw steamers and sturgeon-nosed scows at Fort Smith. Nearest the camera is the R.C. Mission *Ariel*, then the *St. Alphonse*, and then the *Wrigley* flying the chief factor's flag. ***Henry Jones***



S.S. *Wrigley*, built at Fort Smith in 1886, on which Miss Taylor travelled from there to Peel's River and back. ***Henry Jones.***

The captain and crew of the *Wrigley* pose for Miss Taylor's camera.

live, all on the river bank. Then the Church of England missionary's house and next to it the school house and the church."

There was a great bustle of "men trotting up and down from the Fort to the boat with bales of goods . . . while on the red granite ledges on the shore were dusky groups of Indian and half breed women, watching what is to them the great event of the year, with seeming indifference." At no time was it dark, though the boat had docked at 11.30 p.m. Instead a "strange northern light" played over the scene.

At one a.m. they were off once more and at noon they had reached the landing—Smith's Landing, now Fort Fitzgerald—where the sixteen-mile portage to Fort Smith began. Here the oxen came into use, drawing "a large lumber wagon filled up with our luggage, with a small nook left for me, on a tent, between two guns." The "Bishop and the missionaries took turns in driving. . . . The mosquitoes, gnats, and bulldogs were quite up to my expectations. I have never seen anything like them. Even the half breed carters wore head nets. The arrival at Fort Smith was at 1.30 a.m., after a stop for tea at 7.30 p.m. It was a picturesque camp, in three divisions, one the half breeds, men and women drivers, around a great open fire. A long line of 'bannocks' or galettes, standing on end, propped up by sticks, cooked before the fire and a big H B C kettle was slung on a small sapling. Then there was Bishop Clut, the sister, three French half breeds, and two priests in another group, and Bishop Reeve, the young men, and I in another." All night long the olive backed thrush was singing. "At 11 o'clock a robin, and at 1.30 a.m. the white throated sparrows began, and a few warblers."

Fort Smith consisted of "4 or 5 small log houses plastered with mud on the Bluff above the Slave River. An Indian was awake and dressed. Marched up solemnly and shook hands all around, and a number of suspicious looking Indian dogs sniffed at our heels in an unpleasant manner."

This was another bad night for the lady explorer. "We put up our tents on the edge of the hill and went to bed in broad daylight, at 2.30 a.m. We were quite tired out. . . . I put in a very uncomfortable night: had caught cold on the boat and couldn't breathe easily, the light hurt my eyes, and the mosquitoes found their way under the bar. Then my tent collapsed and I spent the rest of the night lying among the ruins." When she emerged from her tent she "heard a low, discontented rumble and grumble all about, but as I crept out it changed to a shriek of joy, and they [the mosquitoes] all cried, 'Hurrah! Here she is! Come on! Come on!' and they all made for me. I am not exaggerating when I say that at least 4,000 mosquitoes were swarming about me in a moment. . . . Imagine the time I had putting up my hair. Indeed one's toilet is usually completed out of doors, such items as shoe buttoning, adjusting ties being considered permissable in public."

Here Miss Taylor gave lessons in collecting natural history specimens to the "Peels River missionary, a pleasant, mild young man." The other young missionary's "tastes seem to be more in the cooking line; he is to be teacher & show me how to make galettes." The missionaries and Miss Taylor took their meals together here making "in this way an effective combination in pots and kettles," and "living principally on pork, potatoes, and bread bought from the boat."

The etiquette of camp religious services had a few problems for the feminine part of the congregation: "I am not quite clear in my mind about the etiquette of a camp church. It is allowable, it seems, to chase hats and fly-away hymn books, also to bang away at mosquitoes if done without too much emphasis, and with no exclamations. But may a collector grab at a butterfly which grazes him in passing, or quietly tie up a bug in a corner of a pocket handkerchief? Then as to shying sticks at Indian dogs, that seems to be all right if those at a certain distance from the clergyman do it, but those within 5 or 6 feet from him must keep quiet, even though the dog is sniffing at the bacon box. Bishop R— told me he stopped in the midst of service once to snatch up his gun, which was close by, and bring down a goose from a flock which was passing over. But he said he did it instinctively, and his wife and children were literally without food at the time."

On June 25 the party was at the Noyé Rapids (Rapids of the Drowned), "about a half way down the Slave River. . . . But after this, when once in the boat there will be no more changes or camping." Up on the hillside above the rapids she found "many little green orchids," also "three other kinds . . . one not opened yet, delicate pink . . . a great profusion of the large white pyrola . . . sweet, large, and exceedingly pretty . . . cranberries . . . the white flower resembling the high bush cranberry," anemones (*patens*), roses, strawberries, currants, violets, coral root, twayblade, a pink and white spotted orchid, and six or eight others.

Now the days became very hot—88 degrees at the rapids—but the nights averaged about 35 degrees. There was no darkness at night. She found butterflies, moths, flowers, birds, trees, insects, and other bits of natural history to collect, sketch, press, or describe in her notes as she waited for the next steamboat, in which to begin the trip beyond the rapids. At Fort Chipewyan, incidentally, she had been given several specimens of the loveliest of all wild orchids, the *Calypso borealis*.

From Fort Smith on Slave River beyond the rapids she was on the steamboat *Wrigley*, where most of the priests still kept her company; but other passengers had also been added, including a count. "We started on the 5th [July], crowded and overloaded. The captain gave up his room to me until we could reach Fort Providence, where a small one would be vacated, and he slept in a semicircle in the tiny pilot house . . . luggage piled up in the little space in front [of the deck], on which we perched on boxes and tents. The missionaries slept on and under the dining table, with Duncan and another man on benches to right and left. The small room holds just four people laid side by side. The priests were camped among the luggage and on the bales along the sides, and our count perched disconsolately wherever he could, and foreswore all sleep . . . 13 of the clergy on board, including two sisters en route from Resolution to Providence, and some lay brothers."

At Fort Smith William Flett said goodbye to Miss Taylor, as did "Mr. Godette [Gaudet], and Father Laity." Of Flett she writes, "A very intelligent Louchoux, who as a boy accompanied the late Robert Kennicott on his expedition to Alaska in 1865." Kennicott in his letters and diaries had much to say about James Flett, presumably William's father. In 1889 Warburton Pike, as recorded in his *The Barren Grounds* travelled with James Flett to Fort Smith, where the Orkney trader was just taking charge. He had recently returned from his native islands, which he had revisited after forty-four years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Just before reaching Great Slave Lake the steamer passed Salt Creek, whence came all the salt used in the north country, "simply shoveled up into sacks . . . some years 50, and some 70." Near the entrance of the lake she saw a new gull, "black on the head, white bar on wings and seemingly above tail." Probably this was the Sabine's gull. "From the mouth of Slave River we turned to the west, & passing through a narrow channel, inside of a couple of islands, reached and crossed a shallow bay, a mile wide, & then turning to the south between Mission Island & the mainland came suddenly in sight of Fort Resolution," about ten o'clock. Again they were wind-bound. She went ashore in a boat, however. "It was pleasant to see the interior of a home once more, for the rough bachelor establishment of Mr. Godette at Fort Smith could hardly be called a home. The dining room papered with pictures from illustrated journals and magazines, the sitting room with calico or chintz curtains, and a number of boxes covered with chintz. Other furniture, of course, a table and some chairs, a bedroom off of that, and a convenient kitchen opening from the dining room." This was the missionary's house. She also visited "Mrs. Mackinley's . . . The Fort House . . . comfortable from a N. Western standpoint."

Here she first saw caribou teepees, for several hundred Indians were encamped; had a new fish, the famous "Inconnu"; and tasted birch tree syrup for the first time.

"More than six weeks had passed since I left the last settlement, and yet we had only reached the Mackenzie. But the most difficult part of the downward journey was passed. The broad deep river was before us. There would be no more 'tying up' at night. We had left the darkness behind us. The little *Wrigley* would carry us down the swift current, pausing only for a few hours at the posts. No more portaging. And in six days more, we would reach the Delta."

The next instalment of this article will describe Miss Taylor's trip from Fort Resolution to Fort McPherson and back up south to Edmonton.

Wild orchids (*calypso bulbosa*) and caribou moss in the woods near the Mackenzie River. ***Henry Jones.***

CHIMO CLAMBAKE

The Koksoak River gave the crew of the American icebreaker *Laurel* a frigid welcome. But things warmed up when they went to an Eskimo hoe-down at Fort Chimo, and at Lake Harbour they found the kind of hospitality they could sink their teeth into.

by Arthur F. Pocock

Cartoons by Jim Simpkins

THINGS like this weren't supposed to happen to a genuine U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker, especially in Ungava Bay early in July. Our instructions from headquarters had *said* they weren't supposed to happen. That was what made it all the more embarrassing, because after all we were here to pilot other vessels around the treacherous Canadian Arctic and to buoy the Koksoak River and supply the weather stations. We were supposed to know our way around and protect other ships from the ice, not be trapped in it ourselves. But then this wasn't ordinary ice.

"If it would only stand up and fight we could bust through it," Captain Howard commented, "but it just lies there, gutless."

"It" in this case was a thick carpet of mushy ice pans that stretched south on Ungava Bay to the horizon. We usually squirmed through ice by following leads and wedging them apart with the bow. Sometimes we had to ram it. But now every time we got a lead a little pan got in the middle and jammed it up, and every time we rammed it the ice just sagged down. Then when we backed off to ram it again it sprang back into place as though nothing had happened.

It was enough to give an inferiority complex to any ship as sturdy as the 1000-ton *Laurel*, and every

" . . . pointed his right index finger heavenward, and started in a feverish solo dance around the room. . ."

"These bears . . . flew off making strange 'quack quack' noises."

member of her crew felt the insult personally. Not that we were in a hurry to get anywhere. We weren't. We were headed for the air base just above Fort Chimo on the Koksoak River with supplies for the base and buoys for the river, but there was a whole summer ahead of us. It wasn't exactly a crisis, just annoying.

I got out the instruction book that came with the ship. "It says here we can go through ice 42 inches thick, captain."

"This must be 43 then. I guess we'll have to look for a place that's only 42." And he threw the engines astern.

"Can't we go around the ice to the west?"

"No. Rocks."

"East?"

"Shoals."

With strategic timeliness an ice reconnaissance plane sent up from Newfoundland to scout for us appeared, a speck of gray on the horizon. A few minutes later she was circling over us and on our ship-to-plane radio we heard:

"YOU ARE RUNNING INTO AN ICE FIELD. SUGGEST YOU TURN EAST AND CONTINUE ALONG SHORE TO AVOID ICE. NO LEADS VISIBLE."

"Guess we'll have to take a chance with the shallow water," the captain sighed ominously as he directed the ship slowly eastward along the ragged fringe of ice. The sun skidded below the horizon for its brief cat nap and I went below to my bunk.

When I awoke the next morning the rasping of ice against steel was gone. I climbed to the pilot house. "How'd you get clear of the ice, captain?"

"Just went through the eastern edge of it." He snapped his fingers to indicate how easy it had been. His voice was sprightly but the lines around his eyes were more deeply etched than I had ever seen them, and there was a dish of half smoked cigarettes on the chart table. "Well, I think I'll get some coffee. Call me when we get to the Koksoak," and the captain swung down the ladder to the galley.

The Koksoak is a river not to be taken lightly. In many respects it is quite like any other river. It is filled with water, it has banks, and a current. It also has a couple of other noteworthy features. One is the tide. U-shaped Ungava Bay is a funnel that collects water and, at an appropriate signal from the moon, jams it down the unwilling mouth of the river twice daily in a mill-race that ends only when the level of the river has been raised thirty feet. This was a condition worthy of more than mere academic interest as far as we were concerned, since we had to get up it somehow. Then there was the current, eight knots at the Narrows where two granite walls sucked the belly of the river into a slit of foam. Slower at other places—but not slow enough.

Since this was our first trip up the river we arranged for Bill Edmonds, corduroy-skinned pilot from the air base, to take us up.

All I remember about the river trip was that at the Narrows the ship was sucked in, gargled a bit, and spit out six knots faster than the naval architect said she could go. For twenty miles the scenery on either side kept moving along at a disconcerting rate. But there was something wrong with the scenery. It didn't look natural. It was fifteen minutes before I realized the cause of this. We had just come over from Greenland, treeless and barren. Now for the first time we were seeing trees. The tip of Ungava Bay marks the northern limit of the timber line. As we proceeded up the river the dwarf spruce grew larger and larger until now, gliding into our anchorage twenty miles from the mouth, they towered two or three times as high as a man.

"What's that up ahead?" the captain asked Bill Edmonds, as he pointed to the rusting hulk of a merchant ship listed over on its side a quarter of a mile upstream.

"*Norluna*. Current broke her anchor chain. Went on the rocks."

"Is it safe to anchor here?" This anxiously.

"Pretty."

The anchorage was located at a crook where the river bellied out to more than a mile in width under the strain of making a sharp turn northward. Four miles downstream we could see the milk-white buildings of the Company trading post at Fort Chimo. Somewhere upstream, out of sight beyond a stretch of froth and foam called the Rapids, lay the air base we had come to supply.

The following afternoon Major Ballerino, commanding officer of the air base, was in the ship's wardroom paying his respects. He gulped the last of his coffee, placed the cup on the table, and drew heavily on his cigarette. "How'd you like to go to a dance tonight?" He accentuated the twinkle in his eye by wrinkling up his pug nose. The question was aimed at Bill Yates, our gunnery officer, who was six foot three, dark, and everything that goes with it.

"Dance? Where?" Yates was skeptical.

"It's O.K. with me if you don't want to go. Just thought I'd ask."

"What we going to use for women?"

"All right. I'll just tell them we can't come," the major announced.

"Wait a minute," Yates said with resignation. "I'll go."

"Fine. It was you they wanted particularly."

"They?"

"Yeah. The Eskimos. They saw you on deck the other day, Christine and her sister."

"Yeah!"—incredulously.

"No foolin'. Both of them real cute too."

That evening as Major Ballerino dropped from the ladder to the motorboat he said, "I tell you, captain, Christine's got her eye on Yatesie here."

Yates gave an "aw shucks" grin but said nothing. Yates and I were both pretty excited about going to the dance. We didn't know what to expect but we knew it was going to be different from any dance we'd ever been to, probably some weird pagan ritual with deep symbolism buried in the blurred past before the coming of the white man.

We started the four-mile boat trip to the village in a mood of breathless expectancy. I had heard of the feverish Eskimo drum dance and Yates was practically an authority on all kinds of primitive dances because of an article he had read in a recent magazine.

Peter Dalrymple, Fort Chimo post manager, met us at the dock and led us up a gravel path toward the dance hall. As we walked along I pulled the major aside. "It sounds pretty quiet for a dance to be going on."

"I guess they're waiting for the guest of honour," he explained, and inclined his head toward Yates.

As we approached the building the sound of padded feet shuffling to a wheezy accordion filtered out through the chinks. Mr. Dalrymple opened the door and we stepped unobtrusively inside a small room whose walls were patterned with the writhing shadows of the dancers as they wove trancelike to the music.

For several minutes I studied them scientifically, trying to read the pagan symbolism behind their listless shuffling. "Is this a war dance or are they trying to please the gods of good hunting?" I asked Mr. Dalrymple.

"It's just a dance. In civilization, people dance because it's the thing to do. Here they dance just because they enjoy it. They can't help it," he explained.

We looked cautiously around the room, half afraid that somebody in a witch doctor's mask would jump out at us and start muttering weird incantations. Then the music stopped abruptly and the dance broke up. The men pulled out their tobacco and started smoking. The women, left alone, assembled in the far corner and started gossiping. Occasionally one of them would look in our direction and let out a little shriek, followed by a chorus of giggles. Then as the asthmatic accordion started groaning again and the dancers got up with slow deliberation and renewed their hypnotic swaying and weaving, a pretty Eskimo girl broke away from their midst and headed for Yates on the dead run.

"Here comes Christine," and the major nudged Yates excitedly.

With a chatter of Eskimo and a coy glance that shot novocaine into his inhibitions, she had Yates out on the dance floor. All about him the dancers moved with the precision of a well drilled team, chanting, swaying, shuffling—always in perfect telepathic rapport. Yates, not yet on their wave length, stood in the centre and waved his arms and grinned self-consciously. The dancers all smiled and pointed to him and jabbered their approval. By the end of the second chorus the bellows of the accordion had

"The system works equally well if you omit the *aksunai*."

been worked up to a white heat and Yates had lost his self-conscious smirk. In its place was the tortured stare of a music lover revelling in the rhythm. Gradually he started to sway in time with the music. The accordion droned on. The dancers shuffled around him and chanted encouragement. Then he hunched his massive shoulders, pointed his right index finger heavenward, and started in a feverish solo dance around the room, his six foot three a shivering mass of rhythm.

With robotlike precision the dancers swayed around him, always to the same steps, stiff, shuffling, occasionally chanting "*aya ya, aya ya.*" On and on they went, chanting and shuffling, shuffling and chanting, with Yates a whirling dervish in the centre. Just when it seemed the feverish pace of the music would burst the walls in its frenzy the dance stopped. The effect was like a dash of cold water in the face.

Yates, brought back to this world by the interruption of the noise, staggered over to where we were sitting and collapsed in a chair. The men looked at him and smiled and took out their cigarettes and started smoking. The women just formed an adoring circle around him and chattered.

When Yates had recovered his breath we left the dance, but I'm still not convinced that there wasn't some sinister, primitive undertone to the whole affair. They were probably dancing to appease the gods of good hunting and Bill Yates was a symbolic polar bear.

Within three weeks we had transported supplies over the rapids in small boats to the air base above our anchorage and had placed wooden spar buoys on the particularly annoying rocks and shoals of the river. Things were all set now for the summer shipping season. According to our orders we were authorities on the treacherous Koksoak. Our next adventure lay farther north in carrot-shaped Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island.

As the propeller frothed a cocksure farewell to the Narrows, the *Laurel* slipped comfortingly into the midstream notch loosely called the channel.

By the following morning the ship had settled down to sea routine, broken only by hourly reports from the lookouts about polar bears swimming around in Ungava Bay. These bears eventually proved to have tails like white whales, or else flew off making strange "quack quack" noises.

The second day out we picked up the U.S. merchant vessel *Becket Bend* in the dense fog that is standard equipment around Hudson Strait during the summer. According to our orders we were to convoy her up Frobisher Bay to the air base on the Sylvia Grinnel River.

We squeezed through Bartlett Narrows, a narrow gut that corsets the midsection of Frobisher Bay, into a stretch of water that would gladden the heart of a life insurance beneficiary, made a quick right turn, and found ourselves at the base.

While the *Becket Bend* was being unloaded we took a short jaunt to Lake Harbour on the north side of Hudson Strait. We had aboard a special crew of technicians to rebuild the radio equipment of the tiny weather stations there. While the technicians were systematically tearing apart the radio equipment we had a good chance to get acquainted with Norman Ross, manager of the post. Norman is a man who has seen things and lived adventures but doesn't know it. It was Norman who taught us the secret of making friends with the Eskimos. All you have to do is say

"In the face of such temptation I am as firm as a jellyfish with rigor mortis."

aksunai in a real friendly way and offer the Eskimo a cigarette or a piece of candy. Then he will smile and smoke the cigarette or eat the candy and you are friends. The system works equally well if you omit the *aksunai*.

There was a friendly feeling about Lake Harbour that we had missed at the other bases. At Fort Chimo and again around Frobisher Bay we were tourists in a strange country. The men we associated with were others like ourselves, visitors in an unfriendly land, visitors who were determined not to like this land because it had been forced upon them by circumstances. At Lake Harbour there was a different feeling—a feeling of contentment and friendliness. I guess it was best expressed by Mrs. Quartermain, wife of the missionary. She didn't say it in words but— well, it was after our mission was completed and I knocked on her door to say good-bye.

"Won't you come in for a minute?" she invited. The tantalizing fragrance of brown sugar cookies drifted through the kitchen door. "I just happened to bake a few cookies today and I'd like to give you some, but only on one condition, I mean. You've got to promise me one thing, now." She waved a cookie back and forth in front of my nose. I followed it like a seal does a fish. In the face of such temptation I am as firm as a jellyfish with rigor mortis.

"All right, I promise."

She unearthed two gigantic boxes that savoured strongly of brown sugar. I took then and reached inside to find the source of this maddening aroma.

"These are for the crew. Now you've got to promise me not to eat any now, and not to give any to the crew until you get out to sea," she admonished, as I jammed a handful down my throat.

"Mmff, I certainmmmmmf funff mnffgh," I assured her and departed without saying the nice little speech I had prepared.

As I walked down the hill toward the boat there were two lumps in my throat. One was from the cookies I was hastily trying to swallow. The other was one I couldn't swallow.

FUR TRADERS' INN–II

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

EDITORIAL NOTE—*In 1840, Chief Trader James Hargrave of York Factory brought his Scottish bride, the former Letitia McTavish, to London, where they stayed at Mr. Pickwick's* George & Vulture. *Letitia's letters of that period, and afterwards at York Factory, have been edited by the author of this article, and recently published by the Champlain Society. (See the review of* Letters of Letitia Hargrave *in this issue.) In the December issue of the* Beaver, *Mrs. MacLeod described the famous old Dickens hostelry, and told of the Hargraves' arrival there, ending with Letitia's description of the guests arriving in George Yard for a grand ball. This letter, written to her sister Polly, on May 2, 1840, is continued here:*

I HAVE a very donsy [dull] look out from my windows & see nothing but black brick walls & a few unfortunate caged birds out at the windows *enjoying the fresh air*. . . . If yu. saw the cloud of smoke seen over the city at the distance of 8 miles! Old Mr. Stuart [John Stuart of Fraser River fame] is here blackguarding the Queen for dismissing the beautiful Lady Fanny Cooper because Prince Albert spoke to her on approaching the Altar at his marriage - She was disbanded next day. . . . I am going out to see the world in a Bus as I am very feckless on my feet & wearied myself out in 2 hours at Liverpool wch. is as moully a looking place as I wd. wish to see. . . ."

To her sister Florence, Letitia commented the same day:

Letitia, wife of Chief Factor James Hargrave of York Factory, who stayed at the *George & Vulture* during her honeymoon in 1840. From a daguerreotype in possession of Mrs. J. H. Schofield.

"I have just finished a long letter to Polly. . . . While I was writing the Governor [George Simpson] called. He is a good-natured happy-looking, dumpy man, and is to see tomorrow whether his wife is to come to me or I am to go down the river to see her. . . . The Governor urges me to go down and stay with his wife as soon as we can get ready. Mr. Stuart is sitting like patience waiting to begin a harangue. The Governor brought Mr. MacLeod[1] who pays forenoon visits, or what ought to be such, at 11 oclock at night with a porter and a lantern. He is an excessive yahoo but not the least *blate* [stupid]. . . ."

On May 5th Letitia commented further, in a letter to her mother.

"Of all the men that ever aggravated a Christian the Governor is the most weariful. He marched into poor Mr. Stuart's room today at 8 o'clock and pulled him out of his bed. He never seems to rest night or day. He breakfasted with us. . . . Mrs. Simpson is weakly just now but is to be up to see me tomorrow or next day. The Gov. has sent Hargrave to call for the old Simpsons [Mrs. George Simpson's parents] at their place of business as he has not time to intimate his arrival himself. . . . I am sure I wd. be too much diverted living in London—only here I am back in the court and see nothing but a poor canary which I fear will not [live?] not having made its appearance today, but I shall not be long here as the Governor is to get lodgings for us at Gravesend and the people here [George & Vulture] wish us to dine with them which is the only time I am at home, as we set out at ten in the morning. . . . Mr. Stuart is here haranguing so that I am stupefied. . . .

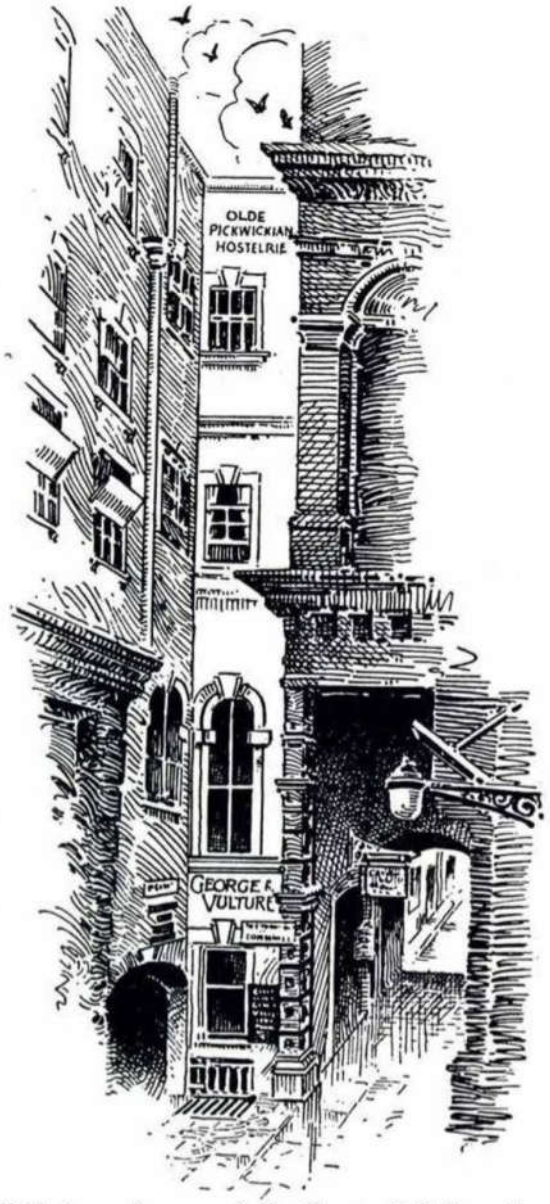
"*May 9th*—Mrs. Simpson is horridly sick of Stuart just now—he having gone down to Gravesend to be near her & only returned to give us the benefit of his society. Hargrave & he fight incessantly but I am a great friend."

On the same day she wrote to her father, the sheriff:

"Mr. Haldane [Chief Factor John Haldane, retired] came in here just as we were sitting down to dinner at 8 oclock on Thursday. Mr. Stuart was going to dine with Sir L. Grant and we were hurrying to get away to the theatre but we asked him to stay and go with us. It turned out that Stuart had asked him to dinner but in the meantime formed an engagement himself. Haldane did not seem well pleased but he set off on Stewart's invitation to Sir Lewis's party where he entertained them with an account of the great people he visits in London and elsewhere. . . . I rather think we will be going to Gravesend about the end of next week as they are anxious that we should be going down as soon as possible. We will look at lodgings of which the Gov. spoke on Monday."

The Hargraves accordingly left the *George and Vulture* on May 13, and went to stay at the Clifton House, Gravesend, so as to be near the Simpsons. The Governor, however, no sooner had the two families nicely settled there than he decided the change

1. Chief Trader John McLeod, of the Columbia Department, is indicated.



All that can be seen of the *George & Vulture* from George Yard to-day is the narrow, four-storey strip above the name shown in this sketch.

did not suit him and he would move back to London. Letitia reported on this to her family on May 21:

"Mr. Simpson finding himself quite unfit for getting up at 5 every morning has fairly given over the attempt & has informed his wife that she is to return to London tomorrow. His business was not even over so as to allow him to come down at 5 o'clock, & we are to be here alone, or at least with the Websters [friends of the Simpsons'] living near us till the ship sails." The *George and Vulture* must have fallen into the hands of a poor cook at this time, for Letitia continued: "The Simpsons are going to the George & Vulture for a few days. Mrs. S. thinks of it exactly as we do but I suppose she cant help herself. As for provisions the only good thing I saw in the house was soup, as the others were badly cooked. . . . Mrs. S. seems to feel leaving me here after urging us to come, but Mr. & Mrs. Webster are at the hotel quite at hand & I am not the least afraid of dullness. . . ."

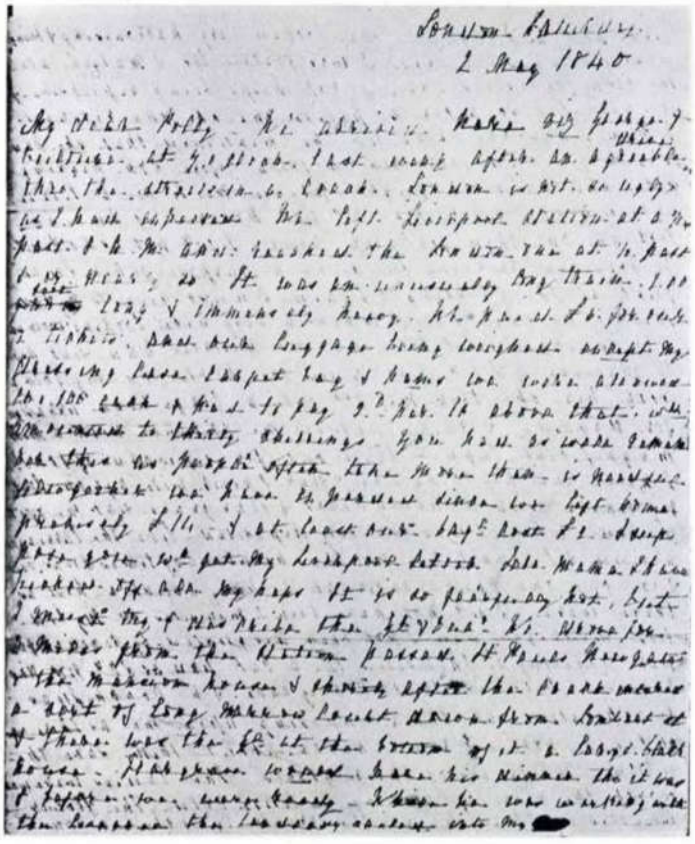
Of John Stuart she relates;

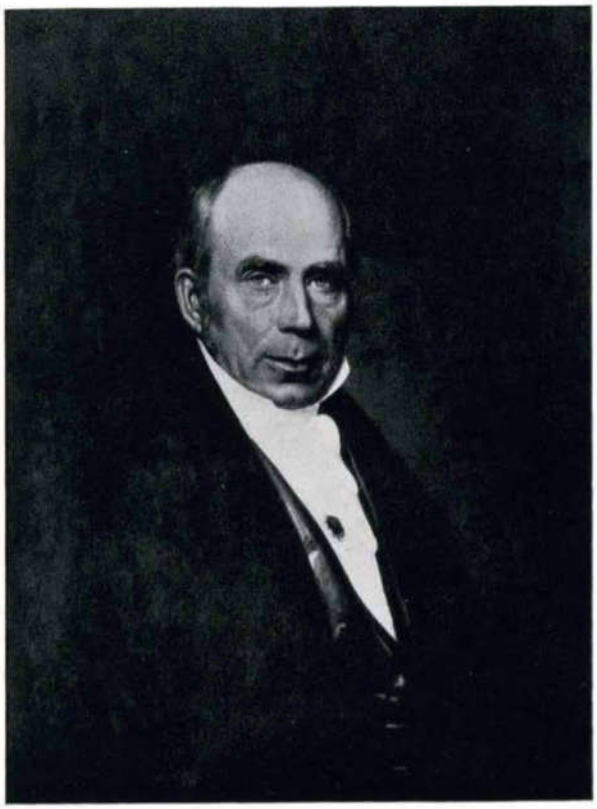
"Mr. Stuart took leave of the people at the Vulture & has not since been heard of except that he did not go by the steamer to Leith. I never saw such a wearisome horror & am terrified that he will be down here before he goes—altho' I dont think he patronized me so much having taken up with a lodging house woman whose little girls he used to escort about town from morng. till night." Hargrave evidently brought further details about Stuart from Hudson's Bay House, as Letitia added: "Mr. Stuart quarrelled with the bar maid the day we left town, paid his bill & went no one knows where as people say he wd. not go back to Aberdeen without taking leave of the Governor who has neither seen nor heard of him for ten days past. . . ."

While in London, the Hargraves had been busy with purchases and plans for sailing for York Factory in June and Letitia now reported on the purchase of a piano:

"There is a soninlaw of the landlady's of the Ge. & Vulture who being a German I made Harge. ask about pianos. He wrote to Hamburg to a musical friend & has been answered that a 1st rate square piano, seasoned for any extremes of climate will cost when well packed with tuning key &c. £36. We will have no tax, & have ordered it, as the person is very respectable & his correspondent extremely musical.

The first page of Letitia Hargrave's first letter written from the *George & Vulture*, the latter part of which is copied on the opposite page. The day on which she wrote was the one hundred and seventieth anniversary of the Company's incorporation. *Champlain Society.*





Chief Factor John Stuart, who retired from the Company in 1839 at the age of sixty. In 1808 he accompanied Simon Fraser in the perilous descent of the Fraser River. ***B.C. Archives.***

I think there is no danger. I did all I could to hinder Hargrave from taking one but he insisted & was going to have paid £50 here as we could get no really good one under it, & even these were not remarkable. They are seasoned for extremes in Germany, here they are not. . . ."[2]

From Gravesend Letitia also wrote something of Dickens' London:

"We came thro' Monmouth St. once . . . they all attacked Hargve. one after the other to buy or sell clothes. I never saw such grandeur as the ladys' dresses exhibited, flying out of high windows covered with spangles and really handsome. The whole street is clad with ventures of every description, and even in the George yard there was a constant cry of clo' clo' from daylight to nightfall. I miss the busses down here very much, tho' Mr. Webster takes an open carriage on a fine day and a close one on a cold. There is no fun in either compared to the buses, up to the knees in straw and making the most deafening noise, the lads dressed to death with nosegays in their buttonholes, and gold bands round their hats. I dont think the drivers ever leave their seats, their legs are so stout, and they are many of them like Mr. Pickwick. Poor Boz is said to be subject to fits of derangement but I cant hear that he is or ever has been actually in confinement. People seem to think that Master Humphry's Clock is not by Dickens but it must be by the author of Nickleby as it was spoken of in it. . . ."

2. The piano which Mr. Klein, son-in-law of Mrs. Warriner, ordered for the Hargraves proved to be a very beautiful one, made in Vienna, which kept in perfect tune during their residence of eleven years at York Factory. It was the second piano to come to Rupert's Land, since Lady Simpson had brought one to Red River in 1830.

While staying at Gravesend Letitia became ill, so Mr. and Mrs. Webster took her to their home at West Ham, Essex, and Hargrave went back to the *George and Vulture*. While she was with the Websters her father came from Scotland on a visit. He stayed with Hargrave at the inn and as well took a run down to West Ham to see Letitia. On June 2nd, after her father's return to Town and his subsequent departure for home, Hargrave sent Letitia the following letter, the last written from their "snug Quarters" at the hotel:

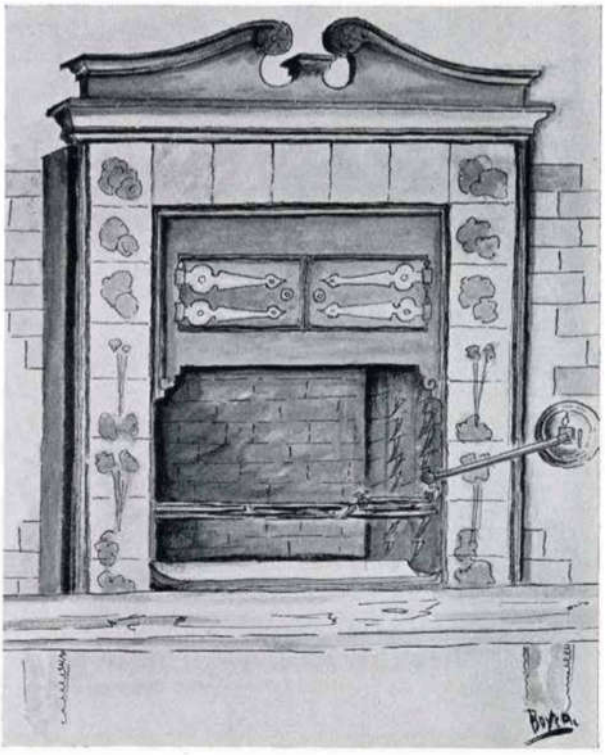
"Geo & Vulture 2 June 1840
3 p.m.

"My own Letitia

"I have been waiting with anxiety all morning & hitherto in vain for a few lines from you but I purpose coming down to see you tomorrow forenoon. I am (or have been) dragging about my weary limbs seeing after various matters & things. The Bonnets for Mama have come & I will see them forward to Kilchrist. - The Govr. dropt in upon us last night at five, dined with the Sheriff [her father] & me at Joes & 'went the whole hog' after by discussing some first rate port at the [illegible]. At a quarter to eight we saw him and Baggage safely stowed into the Railway omnibus and by this time I have no doubt he is on his way from Liverpool to Glasgow. Malgre my protestations he purchased one, two, nay three Blouses & set sail in a Grey Linen one that wrapt him up like a Bale of Canvas.

"But why should I expose him - I have myself been riding my hobby as boldly in my own way - One step of mine has been the acquisition of a Bale of old Literature a cheap & perhaps you will think, a dear Bargain. . . . Further, I have been plunging through moist & dry [illegible] after Brokers, Co. House offi-

The ancient grill on the ground floor where for 37 years Terry the chef used to dispense his succulent chops and steaks. From a sketch made by a customer for John Gardner Ltd., owners of the *George & Vulture*.



The Pickwick Room, private dining room of Sterling Offices, Ltd., for thirty years, houses a notable collection of Dickensiana. Under the frame on the extreme right is the punch ladle used by Dickens when he frequented the famous old inn. The tiles around the fireplace represent scenes from Aesop's Fables. On the mantel are pewter platters and Queen Anne quart pots.

cers & all such cattle to get our piano on board which I think is accomplished by this time. So here I am chatting with you under the full persuasion that I have spent the morning most meritoriously. By the bye - Mr. Christie has persuaded me against a chest of oranges. He threatens loss, waste and rot - and recommends a few dozen instead from Gravesend on setting sail - you shall decide me.

"I weary sadly my love in your absence. God prosper you and send you a speedy recovery. I have slept wretchedly these last two nights partly from the heat & partly from the disagreeables [*sic*] of an Hotel. - My health is excellent and the principal disturbance indeed of these last nights was a chorus of Tom cats right under my window. - Would to God we were at sea & this scene of hurry bustle and anxiety closed - are the sincere wishes of

My Sweet Love -
Your own most devoted
J. H."

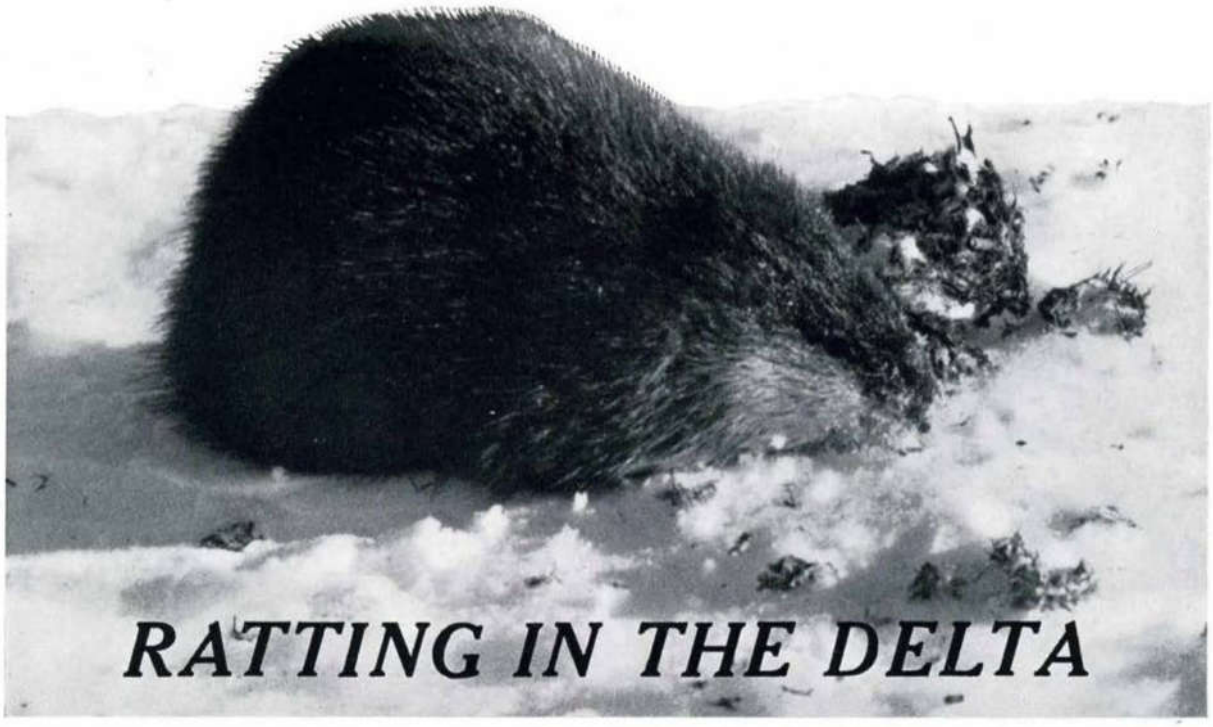
Four days later the Hargraves set sail from Gravesend on the *Prince Rupert*—fifth ship of that name in the Company's service. (See the *Beaver*, June 1940, *Letters from Letitia Hargrave*.) They did not visit the *George and Vulture* again, but doubtless it continued to be patronized by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company for many years more.

The old inn still stands, having luckily survived the blitzes of the recent war; but now there is no residential accommodation, since the east wing in George Yard was torn down some fifty years ago to make way for what is now Barclays Bank. Otherwise, the inn is much as it was in the Hargraves' day. It is given over largely to dining, which seems a fitting transition; and more fitting still, original features have been retained and the spirit of the old English tavern has been very happily preserved.

The second and third floors are given up to dining rooms, and the inn seems a natural rendezvous for the Pickwick Club and the Dickens Fellowship which sometimes dine there. It is on the third floor, however, that Dickens interest is centred. Here, off the main dining-room, is a smaller one, a room which tradition has designated as the bedroom of Mr. Pickwick. It is called the Pickwick Room, and for many years it has been the private dining-room of Sterling Offices Limited, re-insurance brokers, where they entertain special guests. Their place of business is nearby, and in the Pickwick Room they have gathered a notable collection of Dickensiana. Many distinguished names appear among the thousands inscribed in the company's guest-book. Lord Mayors of London upon taking office are entertained there, and the guest-book even bears the signature of a real Mr. Pickwick, from New Zealand.

Down on the ground floor in the large dining-room is the grill, at least two centuries old, where Hargrave's beefsteaks were undoubtedly cooked. The floor of this room is not sawdusted, as formerly, but some of the high-backed, boxlike compartments of old coffee-house days still stand in the corners of the room, and the leisurely atmosphere of the *George and Vulture*, in which people with common interests have for so long met to dine and chat, lingers on like a breath out of the unhurried past.

The author gratefully acknowledges the help she has received in the preparation of this article from Mr. Rendtorff, of Sterling Offices, London, and Mr. Willemson, of the Toronto branch.



RATTING IN THE DELTA

A muskrat squats beside bits of frozen vegetation that he has brought up from the bottom of the lake, and which the trapper has chopped from his push-up.

SURELY no word in the fur trade has such a misleading name to those who live in the great "outside" as the word "rat." To so many people a rat is a dirty, abhorrent, enlarged mouse, a spreader of disease who lives in the filth of sewer or barnyard. Take a trip down the Mackenzie, however, and the word will assume a new significance. For in this part of the world "rat" almost always means "muskrat." There the value of this little rodent cannot be measured in terms of money, for it spells security to many and to some even life itself.

The muskrat is a fat chubby little animal with two pairs of very sharp chisel-like incisors. He has a most ferocious looking expression, and if you should happen to corner him, he will turn and fight, be it man, canoe or animal which hems him in. His little paws are armed with sharp claws which he can effectively use and are slightly webbed as an aid to swimming. His body is long and slender, though he usually has a very full tummy, but when you see him with his furry coat on, you immediately think what a large animal he is. I need hardly describe the fur; it can be seen almost any day in winter on the streets of our towns and cities.

The Mackenzie River Delta is a vast stretch of land some ninety miles by forty, wooded with clumps of spruce and acres of willow. Here the broad Mackenzie splits up into a maze of channels, which occasionally widen into lakes. In almost every lake the muskrat is found, though in far greater abundance in the long narrow ones, and in particular those which have grass growing around them or at the end. These are the perfect feeding lakes, and it is on these that the rats make their "push-ups" during the winter.

The young are often born twice a year, once in the fall and once in the spring, so that the population increases at a great rate; this in spite of the tremendous numbers caught and trapped in the delta each year. Thus the losses due to trapping are usually replaced by natural means within the year.

Photographs and Story

by D. B. Marsh

A muskrat may live in the bank of a river or lake, or in a house well out from shore which he builds of roots and other vegetation before freeze-up. After the surface of the lake is frozen over, the muskrat starts to build his push-ups, which he keeps open so that he may come up to feed. From the bottom of the lake he gathers vegetation which he pushes up through a hole in the ice. As the vegetation freezes the push-up is formed. Constant movements up and down keep the hole open, but if it should freeze too much, he just uses those very sharp teeth of his to cut away the ice and make the hole bigger. This he can only do from the top and bottom edges, and so he learns to keep his hole fairly large.

When the trapping season opens, the whole area is often covered with a thick blanket of snow. In the early winter, therefore, while the push-ups are still visible, the trapper marks each one with a stick so that the opening can be found without much trouble after the snow comes. He takes care, however, that he doesn't thrust the stick through the push-up, as then it might freeze solid.

March 1st is the day when ratting starts. Each hunter sets out armed with traps, an ice chisel, and an ice scoop. The scoop is usually a piece of barrel iron hammered to the shape of a spoon, and is indeed often known by that name.

The hunter, by gently knocking on the walls of the push-up, can often tell where the room which the muskrat has so cleverly made, is situated. At surface level he chisels in and makes a hole for the insertion of the trap which he opens, and so places it that when the muskrat comes up through the hole in the ice he must step on the pan and spring it.

The trapper must visit his traps at least once a day, and make sure that he carefully covers the holes he has made with plenty of snow and the material he removed when he first cut it. This is essential, first to exclude light and secondly to prevent excess cold from coming in and freezing over the hole.

There are so many unforeseen events when trapping rats which make it hard and sometimes unpleasant work. If the snowfall is very heavy, the weight of the snow will be so great that it will bend the ice until the water floods up through the rat holes and over the top of the ice, This means that the push-ups are flooded and often freeze solid. Wherever you walk on most lakes you sink into water and have to take extra care. Ratting then automatically stops in those lakes until the crust of the snow or water is frozen hard enough for the rat to bring up more roots with which to make a push-up wherein he may rest and eat.

Lack of snow is even worse, for in such a year the lakes freeze to a greater depth than usual and the poor rat has a hard time of it. There is no covering of snow to help him protect his hole in the push-up from freezing over, and soon it gets smaller and smaller until at last it is frozen altogether. When this has happened to all the push-ups that a muskrat has, he is forced to go into the very last one before, as a last resort, he is forced into the hole in the bank, where he may soon be frozen in and imprisoned, perhaps to die. A marked decrease must be expected when rats get frozen in like this, for it is not uncommon for a hunter to find six or seven rats lying dead in one push-up, while all the rest on a lake are frozen solid.

Shooting time is the period of the year most looked forward to in the delta. During the trapping season the trapper is limited to certain sections, but at shooting time he can roam the delta and shoot rats in any lake, stream or river in which he chooses to try his luck.

From far away up river the great head of water surges down until the ice in the centre of the rivers in the delta is forced upwards into an arc, and soon water from the melting snow forms along the banks. This, too, soon rises higher and open leads appear on each side of the greater channels, until by the middle of May the ice is like the great white strip of a landing field, flanked on either side by channels of water. The water continues to rise and, from being crystal clear, it turns to a thick chocolate colour, as it rushes down bearing silt from the banks. The smaller streams which usually flow into the river change their direction and flow out of it. Higher and higher rises the river, and stronger and stronger flows the water until one by one the lakes flood, and each lake becomes a pool of chocolate brown water. The ice from the centre may float around like a white island, but still underneath there is the anchor ice holding fast to the bottom.

When this happens the rats appear lost. They swim hither and thither, their houses get full of water, the push-ups are no more and they know not where to hide. The hunter silently paddles his way along the edge of the lake, shooting and letting his canoe drift along within reach of another rat. His bag will be reckoned by the hundred, for while two hundred is a very good hunt, hunters have shot well over that in one night. The water still rises day by day, and the hunter drags his canoe through willows and over portages, forcing it between thickets of willow and alder which are flooded, and quietly paddling along the edges of the lakes. Now the rats are no longer bewildered. They only venture into the water for food, and they love to sleep in the sunshine and to preen their fur while lazily sitting on a big log. Only at night will they move, and it is then, when they go to feed, that they are most easily shot.

A trapper removes snow and ice chips from the push-up by hand, then sets his trap on the shelf inside where the rat lies to feed. Note the dead rat, and the stick marking the push-up.

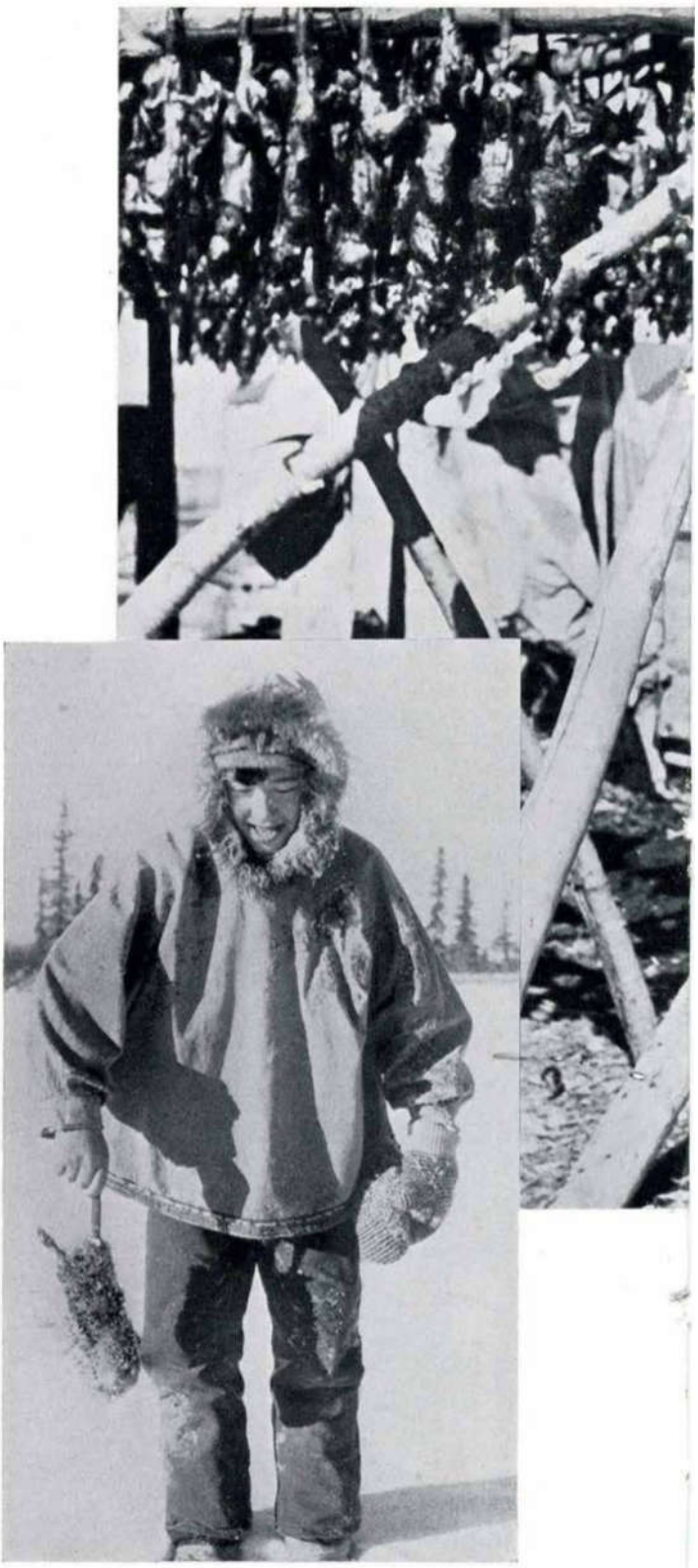
Foot by foot the waters rise in the main channels, and soon the smaller channels are free of ice. It is no longer necessary for the hunter to drag his canoe over the ice of the river and through many willow thickets to get to isolated lakes. He can use an outboard motor for the streams and paddle into the lakes from the little hollows in the banks which now appear like small creeks. Even in the creeks and main channels the hunter is ever on the ready, for often he spots the tell-tale wake of a muskrat swimming in the channel, vainly seeking to return to the lake from which he came. The cut banks often foil him and the hunter has a chance with his first shot, but if he misses the rat dives and will likely get away in the swift, turbulent, brown water.

Now the peak of the flood is reached. It is at the point of subsiding and the rats have discovered hiding places away in amongst the willows which line the banks of streams and lakes. As they are in pairs and mating, the hunter paddles quietly and slowly, softly calling the rats by indrawing his breath through his lips with a little chirping sound, or by blowing through a split piece of wood cut like a reed. The rat, hearing the sound, will come out of the willows and swim right up to the canoe, hardly ever scenting danger, and when so close that the hunter cannot miss, is shot through the head. The hunter has but to continue calling and in a short while the mate will come out also. Soon, mating over, they cannot be called out and they are hard to find. Anchor ice comes to the surface of the lakes amidst swirling waters, and woe betide the man whose canoe is caught on top when a large piece surfaces! As the season closes (now on June 8, but on the 15th in the past), the rats have become very wary and will flee into the willows at the approach of man. Ratting season is over for another year.

Men, women and children all share in ratting—everyone goes out in the shooting season—but the amount of time a woman can spend on shooting depends upon how many rats she can skin for her husband in a day. The job of skinning and stretching is hers. It takes a woman but a minute to skin a rat and half a minute to stretch it before placing it to dry.

As soon as the skin is dry, it is slipped off the wooden stretcher, and the stretcher used once more for more rats. The skins themselves are strung in twenties and put away until they can be sold in the store. The carcasses, too, have value. When trapping is in full swing in the winter, they make good food for the people, being nice and fat. With a taste all their own, though somewhat resembling duck, they form a good change from rabbit in the diet. If many are trapped they form then, as they do later, very good food for the dogs; though if the rats have been fighting among themselves the carcasses are often full of pockets of pus which render them useless. During shooting time they are dried in the sun, and every boat coming into Aklavik is decorated with great bundles of blackened rat carcasses hanging from the sides. Thus they serve well as dog feed for the summer.

When rats are worth two or three dollars apiece, some women living in Aklavik make a very profitable living for a few weeks by skinning and stretching them. They then sell the carcasses (which they retain) for dog feed at the very profitable price of five for a dollar. The government estimate of the average annual value of fur from the delta is $500,000.00, almost all of which is from rats.



This rat had managed to climb up into his push-up, but had not been able to get down again when the hole started to freeze. It took the boy half an hour to dig out the carcass.

Left: Skinning musquash. The rat is hung up by the tail from a hook and skinned from the hindquarters down, the pelt being rolled back to keep the fur clean and free from fat and blood. The hairless tail is left on the body, and serves as a handle. The carcasses are seen hanging up to dry in the sun. Later they will be sold for dog-feed, though they are quite fit for human consumption. The sale of the meat forms a considerable part of the profits in the ratting business.

Below: The skin is stretched on a pointed board, hair side down—a job which takes not more than half a minute. Empty stretchers can be seen on the left. When the skin is dry it is removed from the board, and sold with the hair side still turned inwards.

PEACEFUL INVASION

Why did the warlike Indians permit the penetration of their lands by the newly formed N.W.M.P., when the redcoats were complete strangers to them? Mr. Cameron here offers one excellent theory and an exciting illustration of it.

by Wm. Bleasdell Cameron

THE year 1874 was marked by an epochal event in the burgeoning of that vast expanse of territory which reached from the Red River on the east to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains on the west. The significance of that memorable year lay in the fact that it witnessed the coming to the Canadian West of a little company of intrepid spirits, recently organized in the East and named the Northwest Mounted Police, bringing law, and ultimately order, to that virginal land.

The country then was virtually a wilderness. There were, it is true, a few budding settlements—handfuls of white men and women imbued with the pioneering spirit, at isolated points: Fort Qu'Appelle, Prince Albert, Fort Edmonton—but by and large it was populated only by nomadic Indian tribes, eternally at war one with another, living by and on the buffalo which then pastured in herds of thousands on the lush grass that carpeted the territory from the international boundary to the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers.

That stout-hearted little body of redcoats were truly intrepid spirits. Almost without exception they were easterners, brought up in the provinces on the Atlantic side of the Great Lakes and with only a vague idea of the nature of the territory they were invading and its tribal inhabitants or the character of the mission on which they were embarked. That they would encounter Indians ("savages" they were called in that day) they knew, but whether they were to be received by them civilly or with unfriendliness only time would determine. They might be called upon to fight, not only these redoubtable redmen, but (their immediate and primary objective) a lawless band of hard men from south of the border who had established themselves behind log walls in a group of buildings they appropriately named "Fort Whoop-up," and were carrying on what, for them, was a highly profitable trade. To their customers the Indians, however, it brought only destitution and death through the whisky they were given in exchange for their buffalo robes and wolf skins.

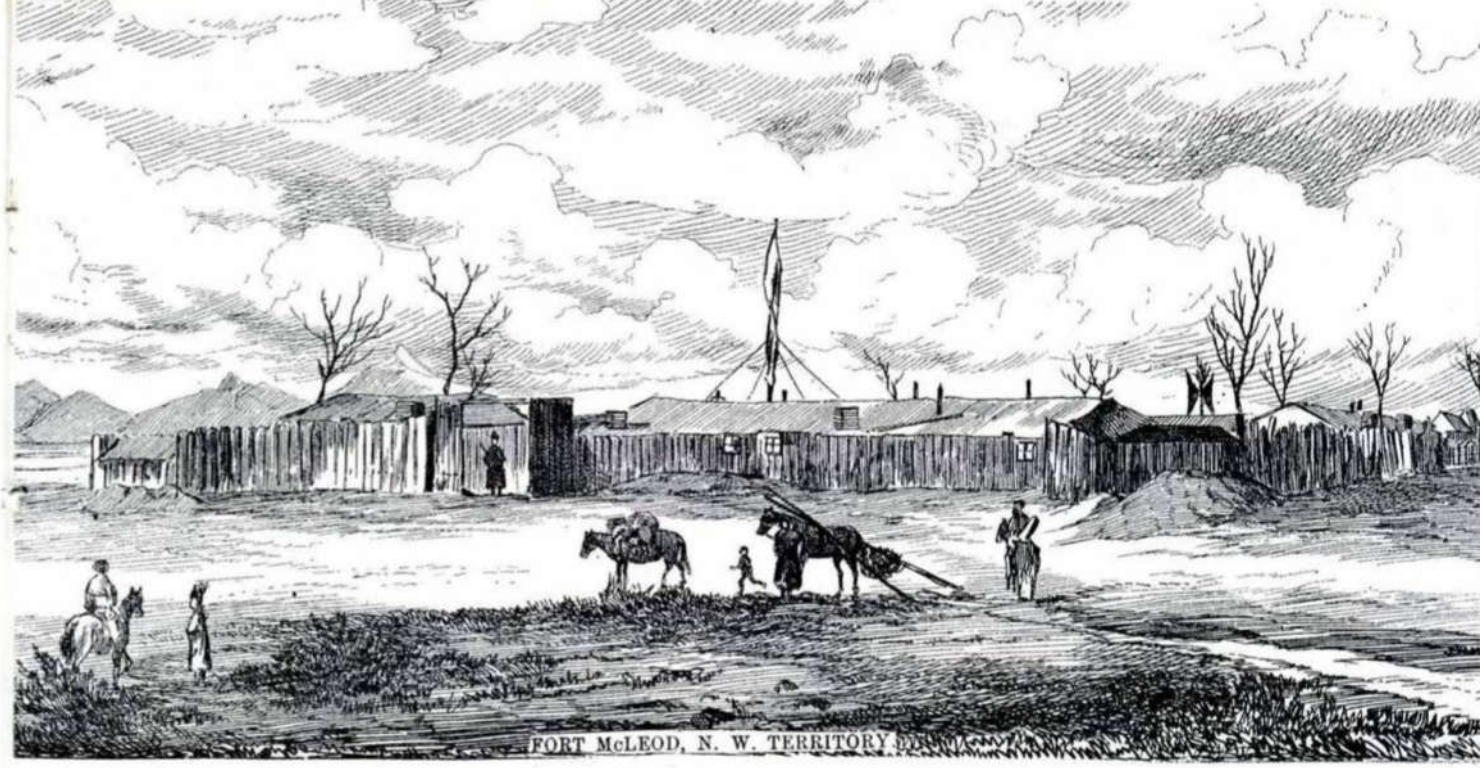
The first aim of the police was to put a stop to this nefarious traffic; and this they did. The conscienceless traffickers fled at the approach of the redcoats and the police found Whoop-up abandoned—abandoned, that is, except for the presence of one lone occupant, D. W. Davis.

And what had this redcoat three hundred encountered in that record-breaking march? Hostility from the tribes? Suspicion? Distrust? Attack? No. The Indians received them as friends, as benefactors—as deliverers from a trade that was destroying them and from the men who were battening on it.

Now, how account for this penetration of Canada's Northwest Indian Territory, by complete strangers, without opposition from its warlike native possessors—something that excited the wonder and admiration of those sections of the United States army immediately south of the border, where there was a record of almost continual wars with the Indian tribes? There may be other reasons, but it is possible to point with certainty to one which may be reckoned the chief. Let me here set it out:

The North West Mounted Police, as has been said, came west in 1874. But (and here is a significant fact) for more than two hundred years before—specifically, since 1670—The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay—in other words, the Hudson's Bay Company—had been in intimate touch with the Indians. They had come, not as conquerors, but as peaceful traders, whose

This photo of the author with Horse Child, Big Bear's 12-year-old son, was taken in Regina at the time of the rebel trials in 1885. Mr. Cameron, who, after his release from captivity, was a guide and scout for General Strange, acted as a witness for the defence of Big Bear.



Fort Macleod, now Macleod, Alberta, established by the N.W.M.P. in 1874. From a sketch in the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

chief purpose was to collect as many furs as possible. They discouraged inter-tribal wars, which ruined trade, and cultivated the trust and friendship of the Indians. Aside from any altruistic considerations, this was good business. The Company was no fly-by-night, anxious to make quick profits and then retire, as many of the independent traders and the North West Company partners did. It was in the country to stay and the Indian trapper was a vital part of its business; for without the native hunters and trappers there would have been little fur to trade. The welfare and efficiency of the Indian was thus of the utmost importance to the trader. How well the Company men succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the tribes may be judged from the words of the first lieutenant-governor of Manitoba: "The Indians of Canada have, owing to the manner in which they were dealt with for generations by the Hudson's Bay Company, an abiding confidence in the Government of the Queen."

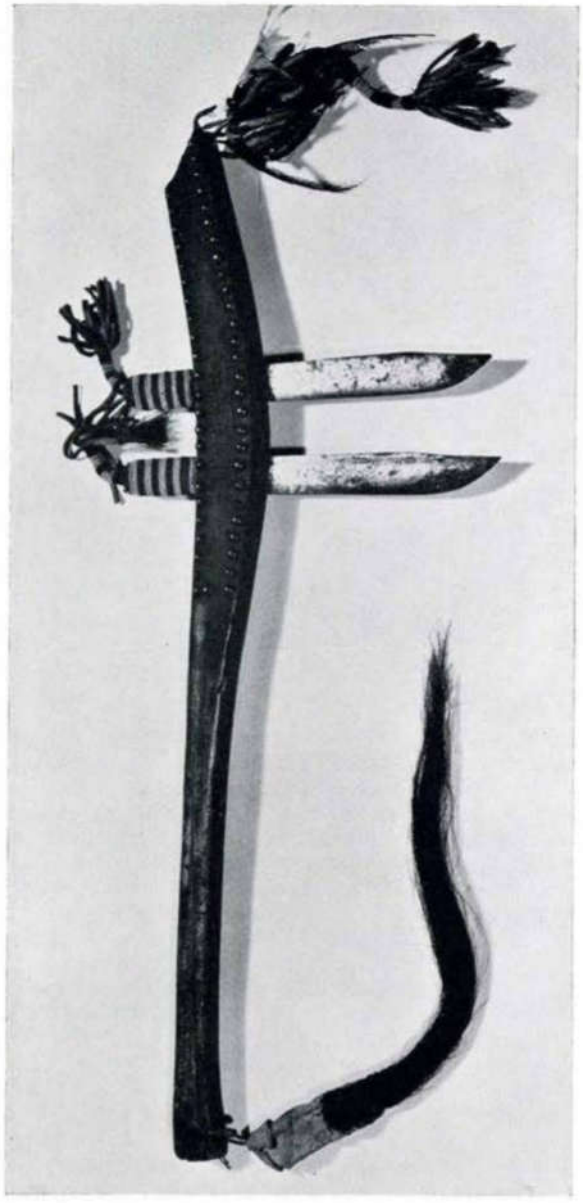
There was another factor, too, which contributed materially to the good feeling that prevailed between the Company's traders and the Indians. In the very early days white women, except in rare instances, were virtually unknown in Rupert's Land, as the country was then designated, and many of the Company's men, officers included, took Indian wives, chiefly from tribes of Algonquian stock—Cree and Saulteaux. As a result, a considerable population of families of mixed Scotch, English, French and Indian blood came into being. Many of the offspring of these marriages were sent in the Company's ships to Great Britain and the Continent to be educated and, returning, entered the Company's service also. Thus a bond of blood and amicable relationship was established between the Indians and their descendants and the Company personnel, and the redmen came to look to the men of the old organization for information and advice. In passing, it may be mentioned that a large number of the men and women owing their existence to these unions came to occupy distinguished positions in the public life of the Dominion.

The Company officers, of course, had advance notice about the coming to the West of the Northwest Mounted Police, and after the Indians also learned of the impending invasion they sought counsel of their friends, "the trading men." As a consequence they were prepared to accept the intrusion as designed largely for their benefit, and to welcome the newcomers. Slaughtered ruthlessly for their robes by "skin hunters" from south of the line armed with long-range repeating rifles, the buffalo were rapidly disappearing, and with their disappearance went the chief source of livelihood of the majority of the red peoples on the plains. The way was thus smoothed for the Canadian Government, aided by officials of the Company, to negotiate treaties whereby the tribes relinquished their inherent rights in the domain of their forefathers and accepted in return provision for their sustenance and future well-being. Thus in no small measure the Company was responsible for removing any obstacle to the flood of white settlers presently pouring into the West, and peaceful colonization of the country was made possible.

While all this was amicably arranged, differences later arose between the whites and the Indians which threatened hostilities, and here again men of the Hudson's Bay Company stepped into the breach and helped in restoring friendly relationships. As illustration, I may here set out one of many instances in which efforts of Company officials brought about reconciliation when the passions of the redmen were at fever pitch and it seemed as if nothing could avert a bloody rupture.

Indians as a race are exactly like other people—some good, others not. Kahweechetwaymot belonged in the latter category.

Kahweechetwaymot had kicked over the traces; specifically, he had offended Her Majesty the Queen, otherwise the Great White Mother, by belabouring



Wandering Spirit's war club (*pukumakun*) now in the McCord Museum, McGill University.

one of her loyal servants with an axe handle. The servant was John Craig, farming instructor to the Indians of Poundmaker's reserve. Kahweechetwaymot had gone to Craig with a request for provisions, but he hadn't got them. There followed the attack with the axe handle. And now for three days Supt. L. N. F. Crozier, commanding the Northwest Mounted Police at the old territorial capital of Battleford, had been on the ground at Poundmaker's striving vainly to take Kahweechetwaymot into custody and hale him to court at Battleford, where he would learn that Her Majesty was greatly displeased with her red subject, and be suitably disciplined.

For two days Major Crozier had parleyed with the head chiefs—Big Bear, to whose band the culprit belonged, and Poundmaker; but the offender was still free. Moreover, he was openly boasting of attacking a white government official. As a result he was by way of being regarded by his young fellow-tribesmen as a sample of the real thing in braves. It was June of that year of 1884, and the season of the annual Thirst Dance of the Crees, so there were a lot of them on the ground; they numbered probably ten times the small force assembled to carry out the commanding officer's orders. And the chiefs had declared in no uncertain terms that if the mass of their followers would not surrender Kahweechetwaymot there was nothing they could do about it. That was how matters stood at noon of the third day, and a crisis was nearing.

Crozier had converted an old log ration-house on the reserve into a makeshift fort, with a bastion at each of the two front corners and a protective slough at the rear. And now the thin line of mounted redcoats, backed by a second line on foot, was facing a mass of wildly yelling and gesticulating braves, bent on preventing the arrest of Kahweechetwaymot and ready as soon as their courage had been pumped up to the proper pitch of recklessness, to launch an attack on the police. At the moment it looked as if Canada might soon learn of a duplication on her western frontier of "Custer's last stand."

At this critical juncture a new figure appeared in the picture. He was William McKay, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company at Battleford, who had arrived on the ground that morning and had taken in the situation at a glance. He had used all his powers of persuasion to induce the chiefs to assert their authority and order the surrender of Kahweechetwaymot, but without success. They had, they told him, offered to put themselves in the custody of the police chief, but he would accept no substitute. He had come out to take Kahweechetwaymot and he meant at any cost to carry out his purpose.

Tension was mounting, and McKay saw the need for immediate action. Emerging from the police line, he entered the open space separating the opposing forces and spoke sternly to the truculent tribesmen as he strode up and down before them.

"*Keeskwayawuk*! [Fools!]" he stormed, "are you mad? Do you wish to see your lodges filled with dead men and weeping women and children? You say you want to fight the police. But wait a little; if you do you are going to pay a terrible price. Suppose you wiped them out, do you think that would be the end? It would only be the beginning! The Great Mother would send her soldiers—thousands of them— and the fighting would stop only when most of you would be dead. *Payatik*!—take care! Stop, before it is too late. Give this man up!"

Wandering Spirit, war chief of Big Bear's band, broke out of the Indian line and seized McKay by the wrist, attempting to drag him over to the hostile ranks. "Come!" he cried in a frenzy. "You are of our people; you cannot side with the *chemoginusuk*! You will be killed. Come over!"

McKay threw him off. Less than a year later this stormy petrel of the Crees began the massacre at Frog Lake, in which nine white men were shot to death, and he himself died on the scaffold the following November for his crime.

Crozier turned to Laronde, the police halfbreed interpreter: "Which is he—the man we want?"

A tall Indian, a sneer on his sinister face, danced and capered provokingly in the van of the mob. Laronde pointed. "That's him." And as the Indian, noticing, dived among his fellows, "There he goes!"

McKay called to him and the Indian came out. "Tell the police *okemow*, you'll surrender," William admonished. "You'll get a fair trial. You may be punished, but they can't hang you. Be a man; give yourself up!"

"I won't!" retorted Kahweechetwaymot.

McKay turned to Crozier. "Arrest your man," he prompted.

Crozier was scrutinizing the tumult opposite. "Think it time?"

"Yes." The defiance of the Indians had roused William's wrath. "The longer the delay, the greater the danger. Talk will get us nowhere."

A moment's pause; then the order:

"*The two men afoot on the right, fall out and nab that fellow!*"

"Sligo" Kerr, his Irish up, reached Kahweechetwaymot in a bound and, with a swing that had nothing gentle about it, landed him by the plaits of his long black hair among the police. Sligo boasted later, picturesquely, if somewhat mixed-metaphorically: "The howls of the haythin were somethin' frightful to behold!"

The Indian mob broke. The hostiles swarmed about the police, stabbing their horses with the points of their knives, hoping to stampede them; fighting to reach and release Kahweechetwaymot, stripping tunics from the backs of the redcoats. Poundmaker himself, ostensibly friendly, wrested a carbine from the grip of a constable. But the horses, like their riders, held firm, until at last, wrestling and struggling, the troop reached their improvised fort and hustled their prisoner into waiting hands behind the bacon-and-flour breastworks.

Outside the fort the uproar mounted. Whoops and war cries filled the air. The Indians, furious over the successful coup of the police, were vowing vengeance.

"Looks like we'd have to fight our way out yet," Crozier remarked to McKay. The Hudson's Bay man, it appeared, didn't share the officer's dismal foreboding. "Throw out the bacon and the flour," he said.

Crozier stared. "What! Tear down our protective wall? Why—"

William nodded. "Go on, throw it out," he said again. "If I'm any prophet, you won't need the protection."

Crozier was still worried, but his confidence in McKay's judgment was limitless. The heavy sacks went over.

The effect was magical. The tumult died abruptly. The Indians had had little to eat for three days; they were hungry, ravenously hungry. They forgot their feud with the police, forgot Kahweechetwaymot. They pounced on the provisions and in an instant were lugging them off to their lodges. And in the interval the police bundled a crestfallen brave, stripped of all belligerency, into a wagon and were on their way with him to Battleford and justice.

McKay's strategy was a winner. He knew Indians.

Laronde, left behind, was a prisoner in the hands of the hostiles. That he, one with a measure of their own blood, should have helped in the capture of Kahweechetwaymot infuriated them, and his chances of living seemed remote. McKay, who had stayed when the police left, looked him up.

"Don't be foolish," he told the halfbreed's captors. "You have no reason to blame the interpreter. He's paid to do this work. It's his job— how he makes his living." And despite fiery harangues and heated objections, McKay's eloquence in the end prevailed and Laronde was liberated.

William had one more item of unfinished business to dispose of before quitting the reserve. It concerned Poundmaker.

"*N'chiwam* (brother)," he said, "that gun you took from the policeman, you will have to give it up."

The chief flushed angrily. "I will not!" he exploded. "He was going to use it against us."

"Now, see here," McKay spoke as if chiding an unruly child, "you mustn't look at it in that way. That gun didn't belong to the policeman; it belonged to The Great White Mother and I must take it and deliver it to the Indian agent."

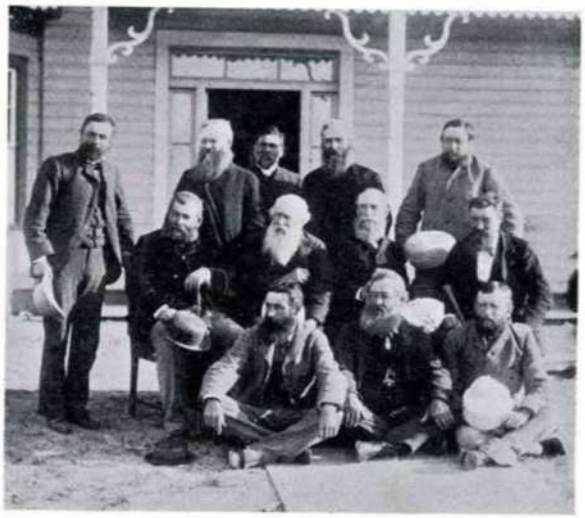
Three years before, Poundmaker had guided the Marquis of Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law and then Governor-General of the Dominion, three hundred miles across the plains from Battleford to the Blackfoot Crossing near the present town of Gleichen, Alberta, and he greatly impressed His Excellency, who made much of the stately and handsome redman. Poundmaker had not forgotten this and he did not wish to offend the noble lord's mother-in-law. So William secured the carbine.

Four of us—volunteer reinforcements—armed and mounted, were on our way to Poundmaker's on the third day of the trouble. The afternoon was intensely hot, and we had stopped to breathe our dripping horses and quench our thirst from the cool water of Medicine Drum Creek, when we saw a rider approaching from the direction of the reserve. He gave us the high sign.

"The fun's all over, boys," he bawled. "They're coming in with the prisoner. You might as well go home."

Kahweechetwaymot had a part in the butchery at Frog Lake in the following April; but he was more fortunate than Wandering Spirit and the seven other murderers hanged with him. He escaped the noose. In the battle of Frenchman's Butte, on May 28th, a shell fragment stripped the flesh from his leg, and he died before dawn next day.

Some of the H B C men who helped pave the way for the N.W.M.P. and the settler on the prairies. A group taken at Fort Carlton in 1877 and including C. F. Archibald McDonald of Ft. Qu'Appelle and C. F. Laurence Clarke of Carlton House (two on left), C. F. R. Hardisty of Edmonton (middle row right), and Factor Wm. McKay of Ft. Pitt, father of the McKay referred to in this article (centre foreground).



LETTERS of LETITIA HARGRAVE

The Champlain Society's latest book, edited with an introduction and notes by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

Reviewed by R. O. MacFarlane

THIS volume consists of a substantial introduction, seventy-two letters of Letitia Hargrave and an appendix of fifteen letters mostly from James Hargrave, her husband. The nucleus of these letters of Letitia was discovered by the editor among the Hargrave manuscripts in the Champlain Society's collection at the University of Toronto. These have been supplemented by many other letters obtained from descendants in England and Scotland.

In her introduction, Mrs. MacLeod thus describes the scope of the work:

"Letitia Hargrave's letters describe a woman's life in the fur-trade in Rupert's Land during the years from 1838 to 1852. Valuable first hand accounts of the lives of pioneer women in Eastern Canada have long been known; but as far as can be discovered, Letitia Hargrave is the only woman to enrich thus the history of Western Canada. The letters written at York Factory, Manitoba's oldest settlement, give a unique and intimate picture of that important Hudson's Bay Company depot, and touch as well on the more general aspects of the fur-trade."

The first group of letters describes the meeting of Hargrave and Letitia Mactavish, their marriage and their preparations in England for their voyage to York Factory, where Hargrave had formerly been stationed.

The second group was written at York Factory from 1840 to 1846 during her first sojourn at the post, and it is from these that the picture of life at a trading post, as seen through the eyes of a woman, is built up.

Many details of daily life are recorded by Mrs. Hargrave that escaped the men who have left records of their life in the North in the early days. Her first impressions of York are conveyed in a letter to her mother, dated September, 1840:

"My dear Mama,

"We arrived here on Monday the 10th of Augst after an unusually short passage. We got on shore meaning stuck on the bar on Sunday evening 15 miles from York, fortunately the bottom was soft mud & except that there was much confusion & the men took the oppory. to get tipsy, the weather being calm we lay quietly altho' a good deal on one side, & no harm was done. I can give you very little idea of my feelings as for some days or weeks I had been so wretched that Hargrave thought if I went on shore at all it wd. have been rolled & carried in a blanket. I could neither eat sleep nor speak & my pulse was often 120. I cd. not take medicine as I told you we had the cuddy for our cabin & the Mess was there & the Capn always in it. My 1st exploit on being lowered into the yawl, was to turn my back to the company & cry myself sick. After which I began to look about me & feel less disconsolate. I had no sooner got out of the yawl than I felt better & have ever since got stronger & as for fatness, I am getting on well & my neck is as well covered as when I left Stromness."

In the same letter she describes her new home:

"I was much surprised at the 'great swell' the Factory is. It looks beautiful. The houses are painted pale yellow. The windows & some particular parts white. Some have green gauze mosquito curtains outside & altogether the effect is very good. Our house is a good size, 1 bedroom off each sitting room & men servants rooms off the kitchen a very large closet off the diningrm. I had nearly forgot my piano. It is a very fine one & the handsomest I ever saw. The wood is beautiful & Mr. Finlay[son] is croaking for one the same."

In her introduction Mrs. MacLeod has been able to fill in much of the descriptive detail about domestic life at the post. This provides the best picture of these conditions that we have had to date; for example: the nice distinction that always separated a "gentleman" from the remainder of the population, even when there were few visible outward marks in dress or demeanour of the rigid line.

Another social puzzle, and it worried Mrs. Hargrave, was the status of the "women of the country." Among these was Betsy, who had been chatelaine of an officer's house within the fort, and she was a person of means, with a further choice of husbands waiting; yet Letitia found her in her kitchen as the family laundress!

Letitia's reaction to the social functions at the post is illustrated in another letter to her mother in February 1841:

"There were two balls given by the gentlemen (clerks) during the holidays. I went and sat in a room off that in which they were dancing, for a little. It was a humbling affair. 40 squaws old and young with their hair plaited in long tails, nothing on their heads but their everlasting blankets smelling of smoke and everything obnoxious. Babies almost newly born & in their cradles were with their mothers & all nursing them in the face of everyone. I turned in horror from a row of black necks and there sat Mrs. Gladman in the same style before the gentlemen and men of the fort besides a lot of Indians. I was glad to come home and when Hargve left them at 11 sundry squaws had composed themselves to sleep and others had got riotous, Madame Poukie John or Gunpowder having pinched his ear till he nearly yelled and given William such a thump on his side that he could not breathe. The younger women do not drink, but take a kettle with them into which they pour every thing, wine, rum shrub or brandy, or even porter & carry it off to drink at leisure. They were all here on New Years and a select party of 10 were allowed to come in to me. [Illegible passage] On coming into my room they were entertained with madeira, but they scarcely tasted it as they said it was too strong."

Mrs. Hargrave found these social problems very different from anything she had encountered in her experience before, and while she obviously did not approve, she soon made her peace with her surroundings, or at least she convinced her husband that she had done so, for he states: "She declared herself agreeably surprised by the superior appearance and accommodations of this place to what I had led her to expect, and accused me of having grossly libelled it."

Mrs. MacLeod draws attention to the efforts of the Hudson's Bay officers to maintain social standards at their posts: "Prominent officers usually had personal servants, and serving-men were trained for the officers' mess. Table service was important, and heads of districts usually had their monogrammed silver, and plate chests, and there was crystal on their tables. Donald Ross complained to Hargrave of the fragility of the crystal, saying, 'A man can almost blow the

bottom out of tumblers and as for the Wine glasses a person half seas over might easily swallow Glass and all without knowing anything about the matter!' "

These efforts were sometimes strained, as when a Mrs. Turner from Norway House arrived at York in the summer of 1841. She had come out as a servant for Mrs. Duncan Finlayson, but had been dismissed upon landing. The Reverend James Evans took her into service and tried to reform her but without much success. While she awaited the next ship she sore distressed poor Hargrave, who wrote to Donald Ross:

"Aye, you have sent a fine specimen of morals in your export of the Madam Turner. I wish the ship would come were it only that I could get rid of her—also I fear there may be heads broken for her yet, before she leaves. In a flame colored gown, she flounces at all hours through our men's houses, and if it does not set something else on fire, 'tis neither her nor its fault."

Mrs. Hargrave could be tart with some of the women with whom she came into contact at York. She did not like Mrs. Evans, the wife of the missionary, a fact which she saw little reason to conceal. "Mrs. Evans also wrote me a letter that I could hardly stand from a Methodist. I replied by a middling stiff note commencing with dear Madam. I feel satisfied that she is dangerous. She had ended hers with yr affecte friend."

The Hargrave children were born at York and the letters describe the many problems encountered in raising a family at a remote post, and the inevitable strains that had to be faced as the problem of educating each member arose in turn. There was also the problem of religious instruction to be met.

There are numerous references to the food that was available, to the methods of preparing and serving it. At York itself the staples of the country were readily supplemented by supplies from the Company's ships, and Mrs. Hargrave had little but praise for the fare that they enjoyed, although at times there was difficulty in having it prepared as she liked.

York was something of a cross-roads to the western fur trade. Many of the personalities that loomed large therein passed through York during the period the Hargraves were stationed there. Mrs. Hargrave's comments on some of these great names make extremely interesting reading although they are not always flattering.

"The ladies did not leave us till Monday & I was pretty sick of Misses Allan & Ross. As the Finlaysons had one sitting room & bed room we of course had but one too & altho' the others had a room each & parlor between them at the other side of the Fort, yet they came here at ½ past 7. A.M. & remained generally till ½ past 9 at night unless Hargrave put them out while he was busy, & the moment he left the house they were back at me. The more I might be ill or wish a little peace the surer they were to persecute me & the favorite subject was a lamentation about what I shd. suffer from loneliness when they left me. Mrs. & Mr. F— both repeatedly told Miss Ross that altho' they eat here, that they ought not to torment us but they never minded— I have not seen Willie [her brother] alone yet. I liked Mrs. Finlayson all along & felt very sorry to part from her more particularly as she did not seem in such good spirits & I rather think she will be ill. She suffers well poor thing & was a great contrast to Miss Allan who kept up constant grumbling till the moment she left us."

The Hargraves finally enjoyed a furlough in 1846-47. They left their eldest son at school in Scotland, and after a hard voyage returned to York. In spite of the improvement as a result of the furlough, Hargrave's health remained poor.

He was also dissatisfied with the rate of his promotion, and it was becoming evident to him that he was being held back in spite of his personal friendship with Sir George. Mrs. Hargrave wrote in March 1844:

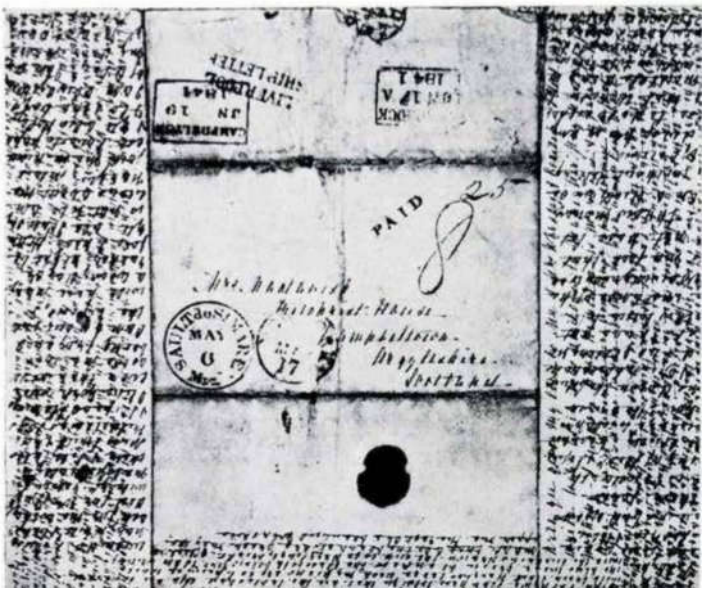
"I have not a word of any sort of news, nor will there be any till after the Meeting of Council when we will know where people are going & who are applauded & who admonished. The Govr. is to be at Red River & Hargve. seems to think he will be here, but I suspect he wd. rather *praise* York than visit it. The people constantly maintain that every year will be his last trip into this country. Why they say so I cant imagine, as I can see no symptom of his intending to give it up. He will not get two thousand 3 hundred a year so easily. There are a great number of commissions to be given but we will not hear of them either till he comes. Hargve. is as sure of a 2nd. share as a promise can make him. There will be another Factor and 5 Traders."

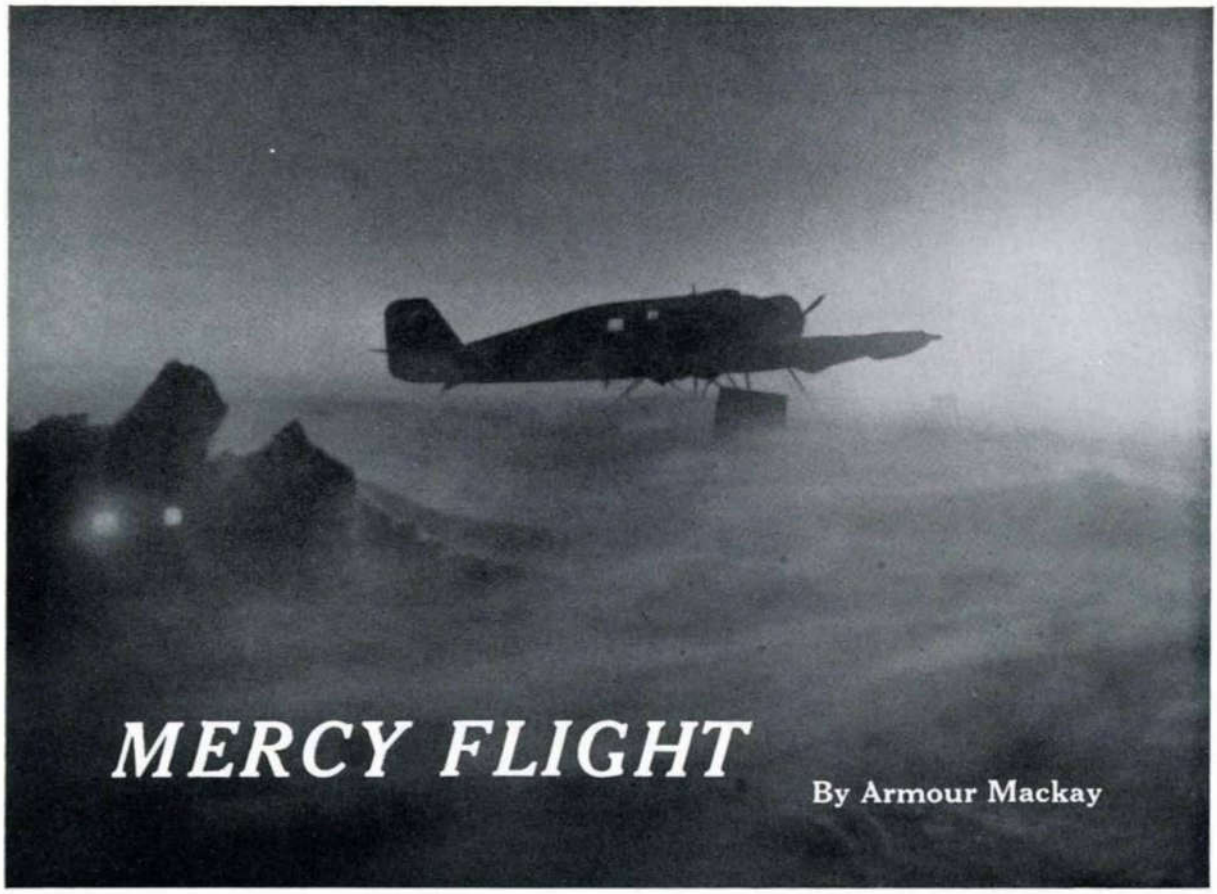
Hargrave was anxious to get away from York. The Governor was not very co-operative. They were learning the lesson that other officials of the Company had learned (under Sir George) "that promises, friendship, and even family ties, did not exist when the Company's interests and those of the individual clashed: the man was sacrificed." The whole situation was telling upon Mrs. Hargrave, especially as hope after hope of leaving York vanished. "Year after year her husband had gone down under the rigours and responsibilities of York, from which there seemed no relief. . . .'I can't help thinking he is looking worn and old.' Year after year they had looked for an upward trend in their fortunes, but even Hargrave's factorship had brought little in honours or emoluments."

In 1850 Hargrave was promised a move to the post at Sault Ste. Marie, and the next summer he made the trip, via Red River. It was too difficult a voyage to ask of his wife and children. They returned to the Old Country on the autumn ship. The following summer Mrs. Hargrave joined her husband at the new post, and so ended her contacts with the Canadian West. The Hargraves were very happy at the Sault, until two years later, Mrs. Hargrave was stricken by cholera and died within a few days.

Mrs. MacLeod is to be commended for the excellent introduction which provides not only a commentary on the letters, but a history of York during the period that the Hargraves resided there. The work has been done with painstaking care and it adds much to the literature of the Canadian West.

Page 2 of Letitia's letter to her mother, written at York on Dec. 1st, 1840, which went via Moose Factory to the Sault. Note the postmarks—Sault de Ste. Mar(i)e, Mich, May 6; New York, May 17; Campbelton, June 19. Page 1 is solid with cross-writing.





MERCY FLIGHT

By Armour Mackay

The single-engined Junkers, CF-ASN, on its way north to rescue Father Buliard, tied down during the blizzard at Chesterfield, where it was stormbound for a week.

THIS is the story of one of the greatest mercy flights ever made in North America. One authority named it, among fifteen years' flights in Canada, "the best, considering the risks of the season and the region." To those two risks one should add the relatively small range of the aircraft used, the absence of radio aids to aerial navigation in the Hudson Bay region in 1939, and the slight chance of rescue if anything went wrong. These risks were recognized when W. E. Catton was nominated for the McKee Trophy, hall of fame of Canadian aviation, for his conduct of the flight.

For some reason the story was not fully reported at the time. Two years after, the record was collected and was read by airmen, Hudson's Bay Company men, and others familiar with the North. Extracts from that account make up this article:

SPECIAL—RACE

DICKINS, WINNIPEG MONTREAL, 16.04, Nov. 15, 1939
MSGR. TURQUETIL WANTS BADLY INJURED MISSIONARY RUSHED OUT FROM REPULSE BAY WITH MINIMUM DELAY AS OTHERWISE MAN WILL BE MAIMED FOR LIFE STOP REALIZES DIFFICULT CONDITIONS BUT VERY ANXIOUS WE MAKE ATTEMPT STOP PLEASE ADVISE COST ESTIMATE AND POSSIBILITIES STOP RUSH REPLY
DEBLICQUY

"Punch" Dickins, veteran northern pilot, general superintendent of Canadian Airways, looked up from the radio message and gazed at the big map of Canada that filled a wall of his office.

Repulse Bay!

His eye went up the map—up the whole length of Manitoba, up the west coast of Hudson Bay—Winnipeg and Lac du Bonnet, God's Lake, Churchill, Chesterfield Inlet, the Arctic Circle—and there, at the last tip of the last northward arm of Hudson Bay—Repulse. Thirteen hundred miles, at the very least.

Repulse Bay! In November! During freeze-up, with the southern lakes too icy for floats, not enough ice yet for skis; with the air full of mositure, to freeze on the wings of an aircraft and rob them of lift, and nothing but forest for a forced landing on wheels. In the dark of the year, with daylight in the Arctic shrinking to three hours in the twenty-four. The west coast of Hudson Bay— the worst flying country in the North—where the company would take no commercial charter from freeze-up till April!

The first blizzards of winter would be sweeping the barrens, wiping out the scanty landmarks, leaving a baffling, blue-white vast in which earth and sky were one, altitude a guess, navigation a game of chance.

He would order no man on such an operation. If the flight were made, it would have to be made by volunteers.

He turned to his desk, wrote swiftly, and called a secretary.

"Tell Montreal we are checking and will answer in the morning. Have the radio query Prince Albert, The Pas, God's Lake and South Trout on landing conditions. Have these men called in . . ."

He returned to the map with scratch pad and ruler. "Lac du Bonnet to God's, 350 miles; God's to Churchill, 300; Churchill to Eskimo Point, 180; Eskimo to Chesterfield, 220; Chesterfield to Repulse, 300." Total, 1,350 miles, one way. Allowing for weather and navigation problems, the return flight would total nearly 3,000 miles. Now, as to fuel . . .

DeBlicquy, Montreal Race 10.02 a.m., Nov. 16.
Weather permitting can probably move machine in next couple days stop Ice unsafe yet as far as and at God's Lake and no snow on ground here stop Weather today generally zero zero stop Advise if mission has 80 octane gas at least 150 gallons Eskimo Point 150 gallons Chesterfield 120 gallons . . . Has mission a reliable Eskimo interpreter at Churchill or elsewhere who could be taken along stop What radio stations has the mission on this route. Dickins.

With the message gone to the radio room, Dickins let down. They would try the flight if necessary. Catton had volunteered to go, with Hollingsworth as relief pilot and radio man, and Terpenning as engineer.

Base superintendent at Lac du Bonnet, Bill Catton had been flying since the first war. "Holly" was postwar, with experience of two summer operations from Hudson Bay into the barren lands. Rex Terpenning was the youngest, but with 7,000 or 8,000 miles behind him as engineer on flights on the Western Arctic coast, winter and summer.

If skill and steadiness could beat the odds against them, these men would get through. Would the flight be needed?

Two days passed.

Dickins, Winnipeg. Nov. 18.
Patient at Repulse taken turn for worse. Msgr. Turquetil requests trip be attempted soon as possible. DeBlicquy.

DeBlicquy, Montreal. Nov. 18.
Arranging trip. Weather permitting plane leaving Monday. Dickins.

R. C. M. Police, Churchill 11 a.m., Nov. 19.
Requested make emergency trip to Repulse Bay stop Please advise measured thickness ice on lake and how much snow and surface conditions stop what thickness sea ice at Eskimo Point, Tavane, Chesterfield and Repulse Bay and landing conditions. C. H. Dickins, Canadian Airways.

W. E. Catton, pilot (left), and A. J. Hollingsworth, relief pilot and radio operator, about to start on their perilous flight at Lac du Bonnet. Note the grass visible at the bottom of the picture.

Dickins, Canadian Airways, Winnipeg 3 p.m., Nov. 19.
Landing conditions at Churchill impossible. No knowledge of ice conditions north. R. C. M. Police.

Canadian Airways, Winnipeg. Nov. 21.
Our agent Churchill reports a raging blizzard there and says your plane will have difficulty in finding the landing lake. Wire Chief, Canadian National Telegraphs.

The three volunteers checked their preparations again. Aircraft CF-ASN was ready, a single-engined Junkers monoplane, all-metal, low-wing, a rugged type proved by eight years of service in the North. The fuel in her wing tanks could take them 300 to 400 miles, depending on the weather.

The equipment was aboard and stowed. SN could carry 1,700 pounds besides the pilot. The load was crowding her limit.

Canadian Airways, Winnipeg Nov. 27.
SN landed God's Lake 11.14.

A hole in the weather had opened that morning, after they had been held at Lac du Bonnet for a week by fog, rain, sleet and icing. "The condition of Father Buliard is critical, every minute counts," the H B C radio was reporting from Repulse Bay. Could they get there in time?

Three hours after landing at God's Lake, they had jacked up SN, changed wheels to skis, refuelled, lunched, and were off again for Ilford, on the Hudson Bay railway, the farthest north they could make before darkness.

They reached Ilford near sunset, racing a wall of fog that drifted between the tree tops and forced them down on a small lake three miles short of the cabins,

Fog and icing held them on the ground for two days. watching the sky.

The weather opened again on Thursday. They bucked a snowstorm, followed the rails, saw the tree line fade behind them, and sighted the big grain elevator on the snowy tundra at Churchill as the overcast pressed down once more. The sea ice in the harbour was too rough for landing. It was tricky, setting down SN on the little freshwater lake, with the light fading, and she skidded, helpless, across the glare ice. But a snow bank on the far shore brought her up unhurt.

Friday Dec. 1—Dawn at Churchill was clear! The thermometer read 25 below. Would the weather hold? It was ten days since the first attempt to take off from Lac du Bonnet, a fortnight since the flight was organized, over three weeks since Father Buliard had frozen his hands. They still were only half way to Repulse, with the most hazardous part of the flight ahead. What of the sick man?

Daylight was bright half an hour before sunrise. Before the 8.55 radio check they were in the air and clear of Churchill. Catton took the aircraft upstairs to 2,500 feet, and levelled off. No use going higher. There was nothing more to see, no matter how high you went. And if the weather closed in, you would need to let down quickly to find a smooth place to land while you could see the surface. Picking a place would take time. The sea ice was too rough, crumpled into pressure ridges. The land was strewn with gravel and boulders, under the snow. The only safe landing place would be some small fresh-water lake. These few lakes, too, were hidden under snow.

Here was the crisis of the flight. Success or failure in the rescue would turn most on the two crossings of this 280 miles of barren flats between Churchill and Tavane. North of Tavane, the shore was reported to be high enough for landmarks. South of Churchill, you had the railway and familiar country. Here there was just vast whiteness. The navigation and the luck of the weather here would tell the tale.

"The chances are stacked against you." Whose warning was that? "It's easier to get lost there than not. Life's too short for flying around that country in the winter time."

"You might have a forced landing a dozen times and never see a single native camp." That was a Hudson's Bay Company man.

Navigation here would be a gamble. The radio was useful only for weather reports, lacking beam or direction finding equipment. The compass was of

Coming down at Eskimo Point for refuelling on the way north.

The plane refuelling at Eskimo Point. On the left is a missionary priest.

little more use, because of areas of magnetic disturbance near Churchill and Tavane. There were no maps of the region for aerial navigation. And the sketchy ground maps might be out fifty to sixty miles in places, "Holly" had found two summers before.

Dead reckoning and landmarks could be the only means of finding the way. And there were no landmarks!

The endless plain of the barrens slipped into the sea in long beaches and tide flats. Snow blanketed the frozen sea and frozen land alike under an endless sheet of white. Shadow or colour change there was none.

"There are no shadows—no contrast—no sensation of distance from the ground. You might be a thousand feet up or you might be only ten," the Hudson's Bay man had said.

Here was the blue-white plain he had described.

One slight line showed in the endless white. The sea ice on the tide flats was pushed into a ridge some miles from shore. Far beyond, at the edge of the floe, the sea was smoking in the cold. Somewhere under this white sheet sea met land with nothing to show the meeting.

They would have to guess a line a few miles inland, and fly there parallel to the line of fog at the floe edge, checking by dead reckoning and the sun, with an eye on the wavering compass and another on the baffling land. If the sun went in, keep your fingers crossed!

SN droned on. The day stayed bright and clear. Soon after ten o'clock, they landed at Eskimo Point for twenty-five minutes, to refuel. Hollingsworth relieved Catton at the controls.

One hundred miles on, the post at Tavane passed beneath the skis. The shore line rose, became rugged, and clear to follow.

Another hour, and a line of vapour rose ahead, where a twelve-foot tide keeps the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet from freezing. At 1.25 p.m., Catton reported "landing at Chesterfield," and reeled in the aerial. A storm was closing in behind. They had got through just in time.

Gangrene was spreading on the hands of the sick man at Repulse Bay, they heard at once. It was too late, though, to go farther that day. Night had fallen at Repulse, 300 miles nearer to the Pole. And there was no settlement between, to level a landing strip through the hard-ridged drifts.

The storm that followed SN to Chesterfield had come to stay. Four days of wet snow were followed by another three days of raging gale. But on December 9 the morning broke clear and cold—25° below.

At 8.40, three quarters of an hour before sunrise, SN was away for Repulse. If the weather held, the round trip might be made in one day. Navigation was easier here. The compass was more unreliable than ever—there were two more magnetic areas to cross, and at Repulse they would be only 300 miles from the Magnetic Pole. But the coast line stood out clearly, the rocky shore rising ever bolder and more rugged. And the risen sun threw long shadows that gave the land perspective.

The mouth of huge Wager Bay passed below, the narrow throat kept free of ice by the great tides.

Half way! And the hour was only 10.15!

Then came head winds. At noon, they were overdue at Repulse. It was not yet in sight. The sun would set at 1.30 p.m. The engineer was already pumping gas to the wing tanks from the drum in the cabin. And the drum held only eighty minutes' reserve.

Repulse Bay is thirty miles long and quite as wide, cut up into many inlets, with high hills of bare rock between them. Radio signals were not getting through. And they flew along the shores of the bay for half an hour before they spotted four little white-painted buildings, half buried in snow—the H B C post and the mission of Notre Dame des Neiges!

It was 12.30 when SN touched the runway, marked with black coal sacks through the drifts, and taxied to a stop near the buildings—three hours and fifty minutes from Chesterfield.

In her tanks remained only twenty minutes' fuel.

Catton cut the engine, and turned to look at Hollingsworth beside him. Three weeks of care and 1,400 miles lay behind them. The sick man had a chance.

"Damn it, Holly, we're here!"

At the post, they heard of Father Buliard's long ordeal. A young Frenchman, twenty-five years old, with five brothers in the army, Joseph Buliard, O.M.I., left France five months before, had been in the North only since August. On November 6, with the temperature 22 below, he was hunting on the bay three miles from the mission, when the ice broke under him. He was alone. For ten minutes he struggled in the bitterly cold water before stronger ice bore his weight and he could crawl clear. Both mittens were off, one was lost, and his hands freezing. For an hour he struggled towards help, before he was seen and carried to shelter. Both hands were hard and stiff with frost. There was neither alcohol to wash the frozen hands nor sedative to ease the frightful agony of thawing flesh.

Rex Terpenning, air engineer on the flight, who took the accompanying pictures.

On November 16, three fingers were turning black. Using a kitchen knife, without anaesthetic for the patient, the other priest cut away three pieces of rotting flesh.

Sunday, Dec. 10—The weather was none too promising. A thick white bank of cloud lay across the southern sky, although it was 30° below. Yet the long grind up the map was ended. They would be flying back now, over country they knew.

They placed Father Buliard in the aircraft and made him comfortable, his hands bundled in cotton wool. The engineer would be at hand, at his flight position in the cabin.

The day lasts only three hours at Repulse Bay in December, with sunrise at 10.30 and sunset at 1.30. At the first flying light, they were away. The cloud bank loomed unbroken. But it lay high, they saw as they neared it, and eventually they passed underneath.

Before sunrise, they were eighty miles south of lonely Repulse. Flying weather here was too precious to lose a minute. Then the red glow ahead turned to gold. The sun rose in the south. Wager Bay faded astern. Heavy overcast pressed down. For an hour, they flew 200 feet above the broken, moving sea ice, wary again of sudden points and hills, until visibility grew wide again, near Winchester Inlet.

Heavy overcast pressed in again as SN neared the frost smoke at the open mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, and the sky grew dull and thick.

But this was a known landing now. At 12.20 p.m., Catton set down SN on the levelled snow near the hospital at Chesterfield three hours from Repulse.

Success! The sick man's life was safe. Soon they would know if his hands, too, could be saved. The crew of SN knew suddenly that they were tired.

The overcast shut down to the rocks. For two days, a blizzard raged.

Wednesday, Dec. 13—The day begins clear and bright, 15° below, with a north wind to help them south. At dawn they are off. SN makes fast time. Before one o'clock, they are within sixty miles of Churchill. But still they are over the flats.

The wind shifts. The sky thickens, hiding the sun. The land goes blank as a sheet of white paper. A wall of snow comes out of the southwest. . . .

The forced landing is lucky on a small lake behind the beach. The radio aerial is torn away, but nothing worse. Signals still are dead.

An hour goes by. It is 2.40. Sunset is at 3 o'clock here. There is no shelter, and the sick man should not be left to spend the night in the chilling aircraft.

The location is uncertain. If this is Long Point, it does not look like it on the map, but the flying time is right from Eskimo Point, and Churchill and shelter for the sick man are only fifteen minutes away.

Now the falling snow thins out. The overcast is heavy, but visibility is improving. They taxi back along the rough, drifted lake to the landing point, and hope to miss the hummocks. No better runway is in sight.

SN takes off. The air is thick. To get through, they must fly low, and trust the compass, regardless of magnetic disturbance. In the cabin, the engineer checks the time as he watches beside the sick priest.

Twenty minutes have passed. They should be at Churchill. . . . Five minutes more. . . . SN is over the sea, flying low. Beneath are rough, broken ice floes, crumpled by the thrust of the Churchill river. Ahead there still is water-sky—the dark fog that rises like black smoke from open water.

Ten minutes overdue. . . . The light is fading fast. Beneath, waves surge on open water. . . . Are they off course, betrayed by the compass? . . . Thirty-five minutes now, since they left the lake. Good thing they refueled at Eskimo Point. Rough ice below. Are they past the open water? The sun set twenty minutes ago. Dusk is gathering. Can they see to set her down, when they reach land? . . . Broken, jagged ice still spreads below.

. . . The grain elevator ahead!

"A very pleasant sight." That was too close to be comfortable!

The weather was dirty all the 300 miles from Churchill to God's Lake—unsettled, with snow flurries. But the ceiling was fairly good. They were back on familiar ground now, with landmarks and tree-sheltered lakes, and could fly safely through poorer weather. But again, the weather went dud.

Wednesday, Dec. 20—"SN and crew returned from the Repulse Bay trip today, having been held at God's Lake by impossible flying weather since the 15th. Father Buliard was sent immediately to St. Boniface hospital."—*Lac du Bonnet base diary.*

After gathering strength in hospital, the injured priest was sent to Montreal for further treatment. The doctors saved his hands. And in the following August he returned to the mission of Our Lady of the Snows, Repulse Bay. He made the return trip as a passenger on TF, sister ship to SN, piloted again by A. J. Hollingsworth.

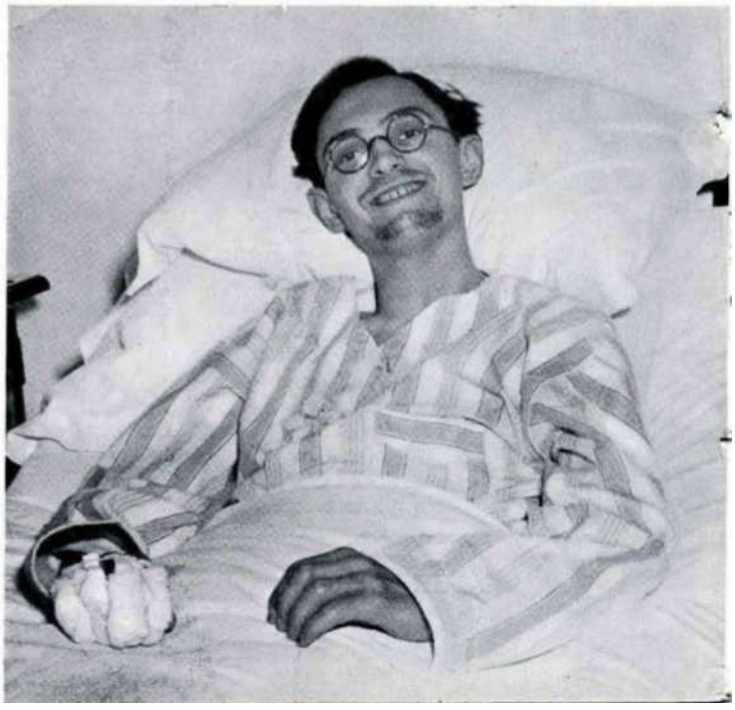
Excerpt from a letter by Most Rev. Arsene Turquetil, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, Jan. 3, 1940:

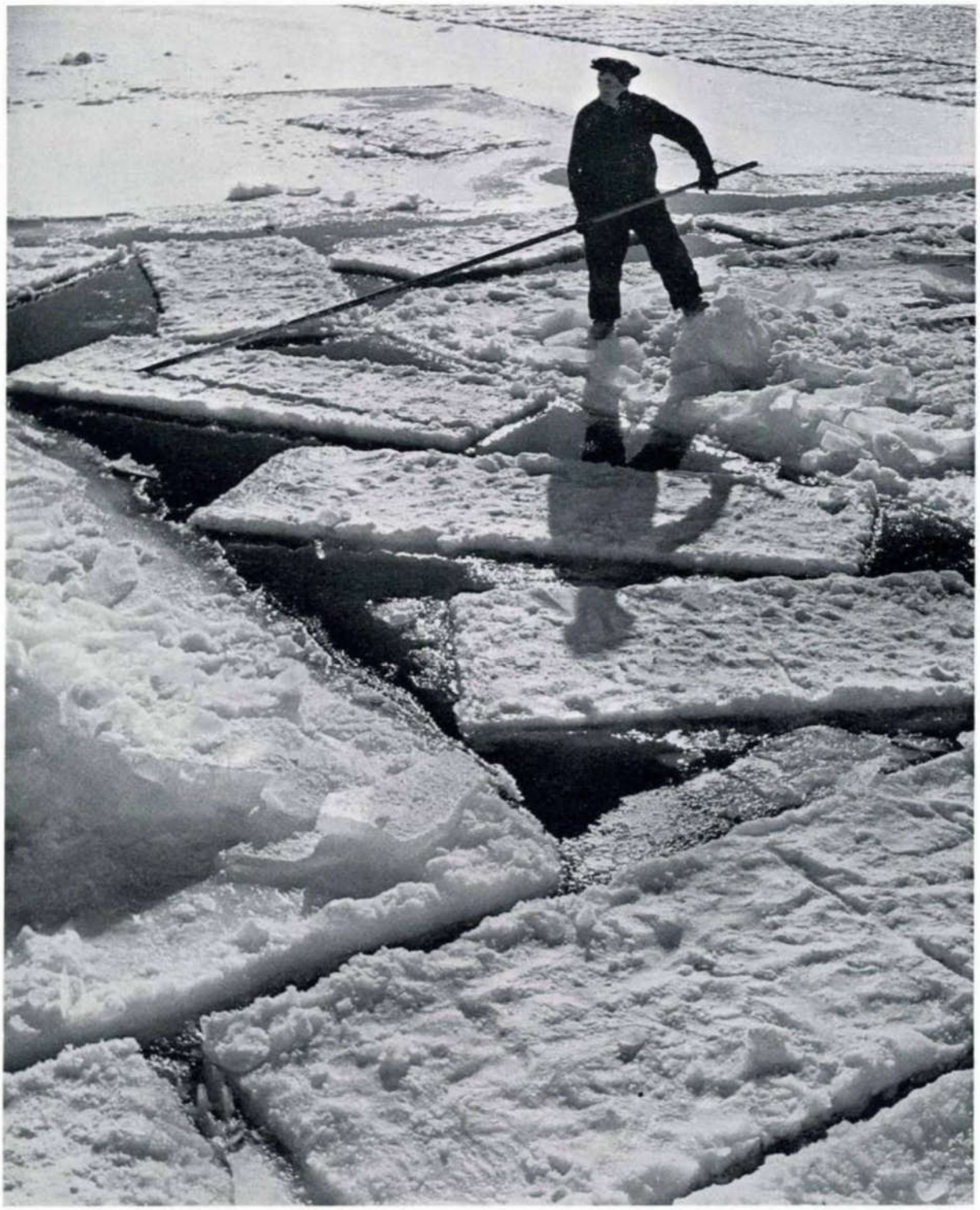
"In connection with this mercy flight to the Arctic Circle, I beg to express anew my high appreciation for the friendliness, sympathy, goodwill and devotion shown to Father Buliard by your men, all along. Rev. Father Ducharme, in charge of the mission at Chesterfield, was very explicit on that . . . Your aviators, God bless them!"

W. E. Catton, as reported by the Winnipeg Free Press, Dec. 21, 1939:

"The whole trip was uneventful . . . except for . . . weather."

Safe and almost sound, the rescued Father Buliard smiles cheerily from his bed in St. Boniface Hospital. *Winnipeg Tribune.*





Winter Harvest *R. E. Cash*

Cutting Ice on the Saskatchewan River at The Pas

MINUTES OF THE HBC, 1682-84

Edited by E. E. Rich **Introduction by G. N. Clark**

A review of the ninth volume of the H B Record Society

by C. R. Fay

THIS, the ninth volume to be issued, maintains the high standard of its predecessors, especially in respect of the scholarly introduction by G. N. Clark. As he shows, in these three years three great events occurred. In 1682 the first Governor, Prince Rupert, died (to be succeeded by the Duke of York). In 1683 the great Colbert died. On May 12, 1684, the Company's Committee "heard the astounding news that Mr. Peter Esprit Radisson had taken the oath of fidelity to the Company." He had just despoiled them and now he came over to repair the damage: "Radisson survived his many adventures until the reign of Queen Anne, without breaking his oath of fidelity, and his widow still lived for many years." (xxxiv)

A good start is everything, and what could be more appropriate than the opening lines of the introduction? "During its first eleven years the Hudson's Bay Company had to contend against seemingly endless difficulties and scored very few successes to set against them. It lost two ships and it paid no dividend." This is not true merely of the Hudson's Bay Company in these years. It is an epitome of Canadian economic history from start to finish, from the founding of New France to the settlement of the prairies. "The whole scheme seemed full of promise; but almost from the beginning, everything began to go wrong." This is from Professor Creighton's *Dominion of the North*, p. 7; and the two books make admirable reading side by side. After great disappointment, New France established an economy that lasted for over a century and a civilization that will last for all time.

The Hudson's Bay Company were its rivals in the fur trade but its partners in culture. The steady sobriety of the one matched the imaginative daring of the other, and we may almost say that in these early years the strength of the Company lay less in its winning of furs and marketing of them than in its ability to supply the Indian trappers with superior equipment of clothing, guns, ammunition, pots and kettles and all manner of tools. For before the industrial revolution English industry was vigorous and progressive and the industrial revolution itself was only the consummation of the industrial ability which was so serviceable to the Hudson's Bay Company in the days of its first two governors, Prince Rupert and the Duke of York. It took years before the building of the C.P.R. yielded harvests of grain, and dividends, but when they came they were bonanzas. So too in the fur trade. It took years for the Company to declare any dividend at all, and then in March 1683 (New Style 1684) they declared a dividend of 50 per cent.

> "The Committee haveing Sould all their Beavor doe resolve to make a dividend of £50 p. Ct. Ordered the Secretary bring in to the next Committee a Coppy of all the adventures with their Stock and make out warrents for each adventurer upon one as allso Goldsmiths Payable the 23d of Aprill next, Except his Royall Highness the Duke of York which the Committe have resolved to Pressent him his Dividend in Gold." (p. 217.)

The method of the Record Society series is becoming standardised, and this is an advantage in enabling the reader to know what to expect. But before long it would be wise if the general editor were to consider whether without sacrifice of uniformity some small changes could be introduced to advantage. Of the introductions one can only hope that they will continue to maintain their present fulness and their special value not so much in anticipating the novelties in the volume as in relating these special features to the history of the time.

But in the voluminous footnotes it may be allowable to suggest that the frequent references to this or that document not being confirmed in the Company's archives may be omitted. There must be dozens of such instances; and it is sufficient to keep to the positive task of relating references to documents which are known.

A second point concerns the bibliographies at the end. In this volume the notice of Sir James Hayes is desirably full. For Hayes was the link between the Company and the Court of King Charles II, and as deputy governor, Hayes conducted the daily work of the Company with the help of his committee and hardly ever missed a meeting. It is of special interest that he, like several of his associates-to-be in the Hudson's Bay Company, was a foundation member of the Royal Society, and in November, 1667, he was elected to the council of that body (p. 321). Geographical discovery and scientific invention were twins. Continuity certainly was one of Sir James Hayes' main contributions; for it is remarkable to notice how frequently stock of the Company changed hands and it is interesting to speculate on the reasons. Was it because the shareholders lost faith in the Company, was it in order to bring new interests into the Company, was it their momentary need for cash? Furthermore, what was the relation of the Company to its bankers? There is a curious entry on p. 146:

> "Mr. Cooke and Mr. Evens proffering to lend the Compa. what Money they have Occation for gratis Resolved by this Committee that £300 be borrowed of each of them for supplying the Compa. necessary occations."

Why gratis? Presumably the lenders were compensated in other ways, but how? In a later reference it is as one would expect:

> "Sr. James Hayes accquaints this Committee he has Spoake with. Mr. Evans & Company to accomodate the Company with £600 at Common Int. which they are willing to doe which this Committee approve of. Ordered the Secretary give them Cr. for the Same from this day."

Here an explanatory note would be most welcome.

This volume, like its predecessors, stands out as a model of good publication. Why do not people join this Record Society by the hundred? I sometimes think it is because we lack the imperial mind.

SPRING PACKET

Living Image

Some consternation was caused at Caribou post recently when a copy of the December *Beaver* arrived containing Richard Harrington's studies of Indian faces, photographed there last winter. The coloured picture on page 25 and the head on page 28 both show an aged Indian woman belonging to the local band.

According to a story sent in to the *Winnipeg Tribune* from The Pas, the first copy to arrive at the post was brought in by Harold Wells, supervisor of registered traplines. When one Indian found the pictures of the old squaw, he couldn't believe his eyes, for he knew perfectly well that she was dead! What's more, in the photos she didn't even look ill. He showed it to his friends, and they were equally amazed by the black (and kodachrome) magic.

"For hours," says the *Tribune* story, "the puzzlement continued, and even now the Indians steadily walk into the Hudson's Bay post to ask factor Horace Flett to see the likeness. Each observer gravely reports to his friends, 'She hasn't changed yet.' "

The reasoning is a little hard to follow from this end, but doubtless someone familiar with the Chipewyans and their language could explain it to us. If not, we might send a Brigdens representative up there to explain the magic of photography and photoengraving to the Chips.

Paging Mr. Tom Hall! . . .

Mercy Flights

One cannot read Armour Mackay's "Mercy Flight" in this issue without being reminded of a similar rescue which was carried out this winter. In each case it was a missionary who had to be taken out, and in each case the flight was made at one of the most difficult times of the northern year—the freeze-up. Both were very tough assignments. Moffet Inlet, where the rescuers of Canon Turner had to land, is four hundred miles further north than Repulse Bay; but against this must be set the additional risks run by the Canadian Airways men, and the lack of communications to which they were subject, as mentioned by Mr. Mackay in his first paragraph. It was tragic that, after rescue operations lasting for two months, the outcome of the second flight could not have been the same as that of the first—the saving of the missionary's life.

The interest that the public is taking in the Arctic these days is exemplified by the publicity given the two flights. The Turner rescue consistently made headlines from coast to coast, while the equally dangerous and dramatic Buliard flight passed almost unnoticed. About the only feature of the recent rescue which passed almost unnoticed was the part played in it by John Cormack (or "Father McCormatry" according to some papers), manager of the Company post at Arctic Bay.

The accident occured on September 24, and Mrs. Turner at once sent off some Eskimos in a motor boat to tell Mr. Cormack, seventy-five miles to the north. On account of storms, it took them two full days to reach Arctic Bay; but as soon as he got the news, Mr. Cormack radiced Dr. Moodie at Chesterfield Inlet, seven hundred miles to the south, and leaving his wife in charge of the post, set off for Moffet Inlet, arriving the same day.

There he stayed, helping Mrs. Turner and her wounded husband, until the Army rescuers arrived eight days later. In their desperate plight, he was a tower of strength to them. "It is impossible to write or convey just what his prompt, ever-ready, practical help meant to me," Mrs. Turner wrote afterwards. "It will be quite impossible to repay him for all he did."

As the wireless equipment which the parachutists brought with them was damaged, Mr. Cormack suggested that all of them should move to Arctic Bay, where there is a radio station, and where they would have better accommodation and more supplies. They therefore set off in the H B C boat on October 11, but were stopped by ice, and had to return to Moffet Inlet the next day. Then, as he could be of no further service, he set out once more for his post, arriving there three days later. Mrs. Cormack, who had been holding the fort for three weeks, was doubtless glad to see him back.

But John Cormack, as a good Scotsman, would probably be the last to suggest that his actions in this affair deserve any special mention. The services he rendered were simply in the tradition of the North—a tradition which has been observed by men of the H B C ever since the first non-fur-trader came to Rupert's Land over two centuries ago. Any other good northerner would have done the same.

Fit for a Princess

Princess Elizabeth's beaver coat, pictured inside the front cover, was made from a selection of skins from the Moose River district, southwest of James Bay. Her Royal Highness had expressed a wish for light colored pelts, so a group was chosen having very pale flanks.

Readers on the distaff side will be interested in the following details: From designs submitted to her, the Princess chose one with a yoke back, from which fall two folds that break the skins on the light sides—not on the dark centres, as is usual. The wide tuxedo front, when closed, forms a small cardigan collar. The sleeves are of the bishop type, but the effect of bell sleeves is obtained by catching the fur onto the wrists inside.

In making up the coat, Messrs. Calman Links, Ltd., of London, used an intricate type of "drop," which resulted in an effect of very narrow panels emphasizing the light sides.

Contributors

WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON, of Vancouver, writes with authority on the young West he knew as a young man. . . . LOUIS R. CAYWOOD is an archaeologist with the U.S. National Park Service. . . . C. R. FAY is reader in economic history at the University of Cambridge. . . . RICHARD HARRINGTON is a free lance photographer whom the *Beaver* sent north last winter. The first fruits of that expedition appeared in the December issue. . . . E. L. KEITHAHN is librarian and curator of the Alaska Historical Library and Museum at Juneau, Alaska. . . . DOUGLAS LEECHMAN, Ph.D., is an anthropologist at the National Museum, Ottawa, and a frequent contributor to this magazine. . . . R. O. MACFARLANE, Ph.D., is Deputy Minister of Education in the Manitoba Government. . . . ARMOUR MACKAY, a Winnipeg writer, is a contributor to several national magazines. . . . MARGARET ARNETT MACLEOD, a western historian especially interested in the pre-1870 period, is a member of the council of the Champlain Society and has edited their most recent publication, reviewed in this issue. . . . D. B. MARSH, Archdeacon of Aklavik, has been contributing pictures and articles to the *Beaver* and other periodicals for several years. . . . CHESTER MARTIN, LL.D., F.R. Hist. S., is head of the department of history at the University of Toronto. . . . GRACE LEE NUTE, Ph.D., is research associate with the Minnesota Historical Society, a professor at Hamline University, and a keen outdoorswoman. . . . ARTHUR F. POCOCK is an American exploration geologist at present in the interior of Saudi Arabia.

H. B. Lyall

After eighteen years of distinguished service, H. B. Lyall retired from the Company's Canadian Committee at the end of January. Mr. Lyall has always taken a keen interest in the history of the Company and of the Red River, on the banks of which his home is picturesquely situated. One of his hobbies is the collection of historical documents, and recently he presented the Company with a highly interesting list of prices paid at New York in 1847 for furs collected at Sault Ste. Marie, signed by Ramsay Crooks. At the time of going to press, his successor on the Canadian Committee had not been named.

BOOK REVIEW

ALASKA BECKONS by Marius Barbeau, illustrated by Arthur Price. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, and Macmillans, Toronto, 1947.

TO those not acquainted with the writings of the eminent Canadian ethnologist and folklorist, Dr. Marius Barbeau, the title *Alaska Beckons* might be considered a misnomer. For at this moment Alaska is beckoning to thousands of unrooted young families who might expect in a book so titled useful information for the prospective settler. It is not that kind of book.

This is a book of revelations, the pioneer of its neglected field. It tells of two great waves of humanity, driven, as it were, by the Hitlers of their day to the northeast corner of Asia, whence they spilled out into Alaska. One wave, perhaps Malay in origin, swept up the China coast, into Japan and onward through the Kuriles to the Aleutians. Thence down the coast of Alaska, British Columbia, Washington and Oregon. It brought to Alaska yellow-brown skins, Mongol features, Buddhistic chants, Oriental crafts and folkways. They were a people once highly civilized carrying with them a tribal memory of a lost "celestial kingdom." The coast was their home and salmon was their bread.

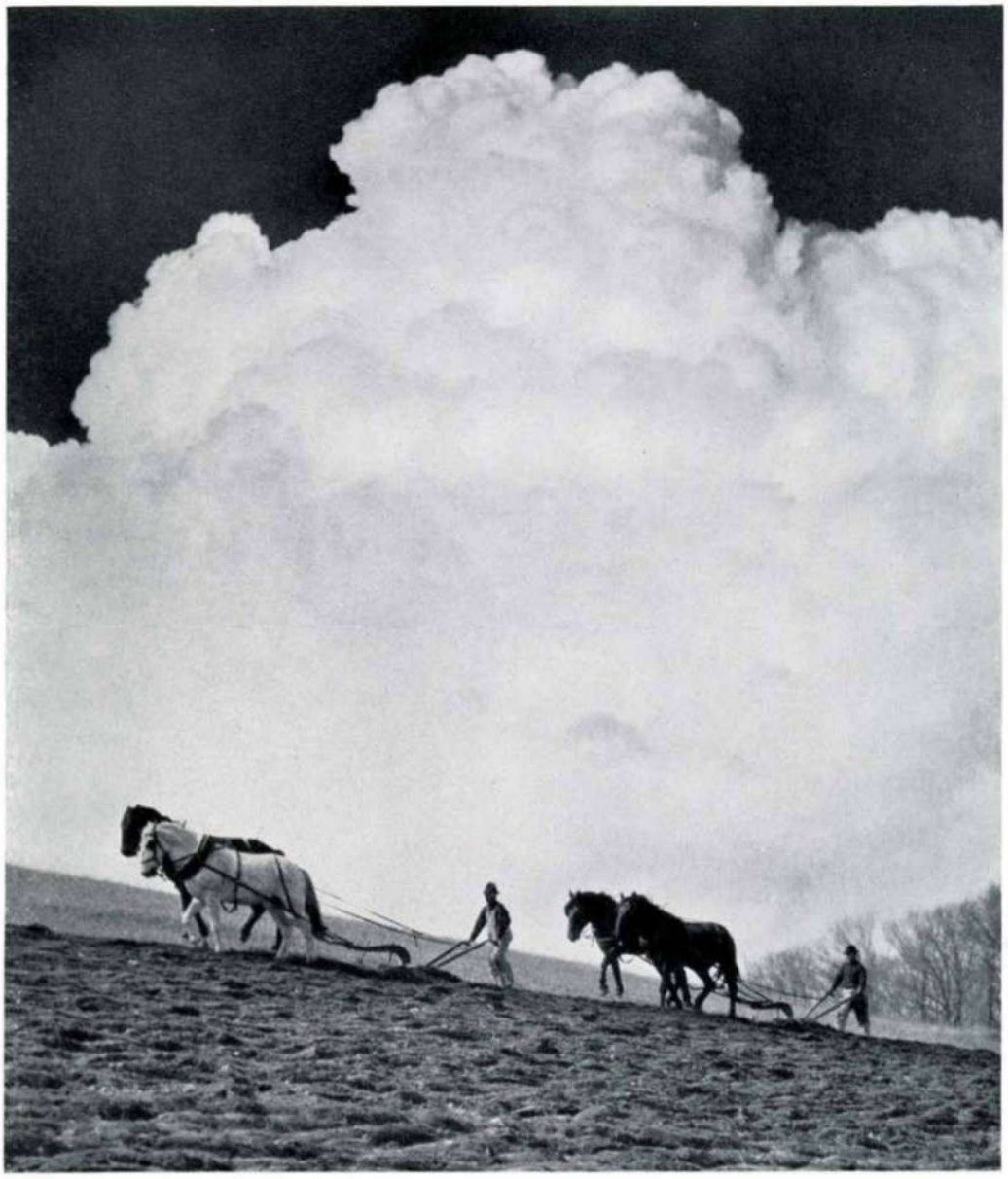
The other migration was Turkish: lean, dark men with aquiline noses, uprooted by some social cataclysm and set adrift in the Siberian wilderness, ever pursuing the rising sun. Arriving in Alaska at Bering Strait, they plunged inland and followed the Yukon to its source. The Alaska Highway, following their route in reverse, now beckons white men from the opposite side of the earth.

One branch of the early nomads, the Eastern, dogged the caribou herds and, farther south, followed the bison to Mexico. They are the Déné or Athapascans, whose stock has the greatest dispersal of any people on earth. The other Déné branch followed the salmon up the Yukon to its headwaters just east of the coastal ranges that separated them from the flat-nosed coastal dwellers. Recession of alpine glaciers eventually made it possible for them to float down the turbulent rivers to the coast where salmon were more plentiful and life was easier. Here they met and eventually mixed with the coast Mongols, creating the totem-carving "Indians" of the coast that we know today.

Although the author has relied almost entirely on native folktales and myths in arriving at his conclusions, tales that he and others have garnered over a period of half a century or more, his deductions are in close harmony with scientific investigation to date.

If anyone should happen to find this book uninviting or difficult of access let him re-open it at page 170 and try again. There he will find himself on familiar ground from which by easy stages he can gain some of the enormous background of the author, who continually compliments the reader by crediting him with considerably more knowledge of the subject than he reasonably has.

A distinguishing feature of the volume is its illustrations. These india ink drawings suggest the black argillite carvings of the Haida. The artist, Arthur Price, son-in-law of the author, demonstrates surprising knowledge of the art style of the northwest coast and for his illustrations alone the book is well worth its price. *Alaska Beckons* will be well received wherever there are readers interested in solving the enigma of Alaska's first citizens.—*Edward L. Keithahn.*



Awakening Earth — *H. Armstrong Roberts*

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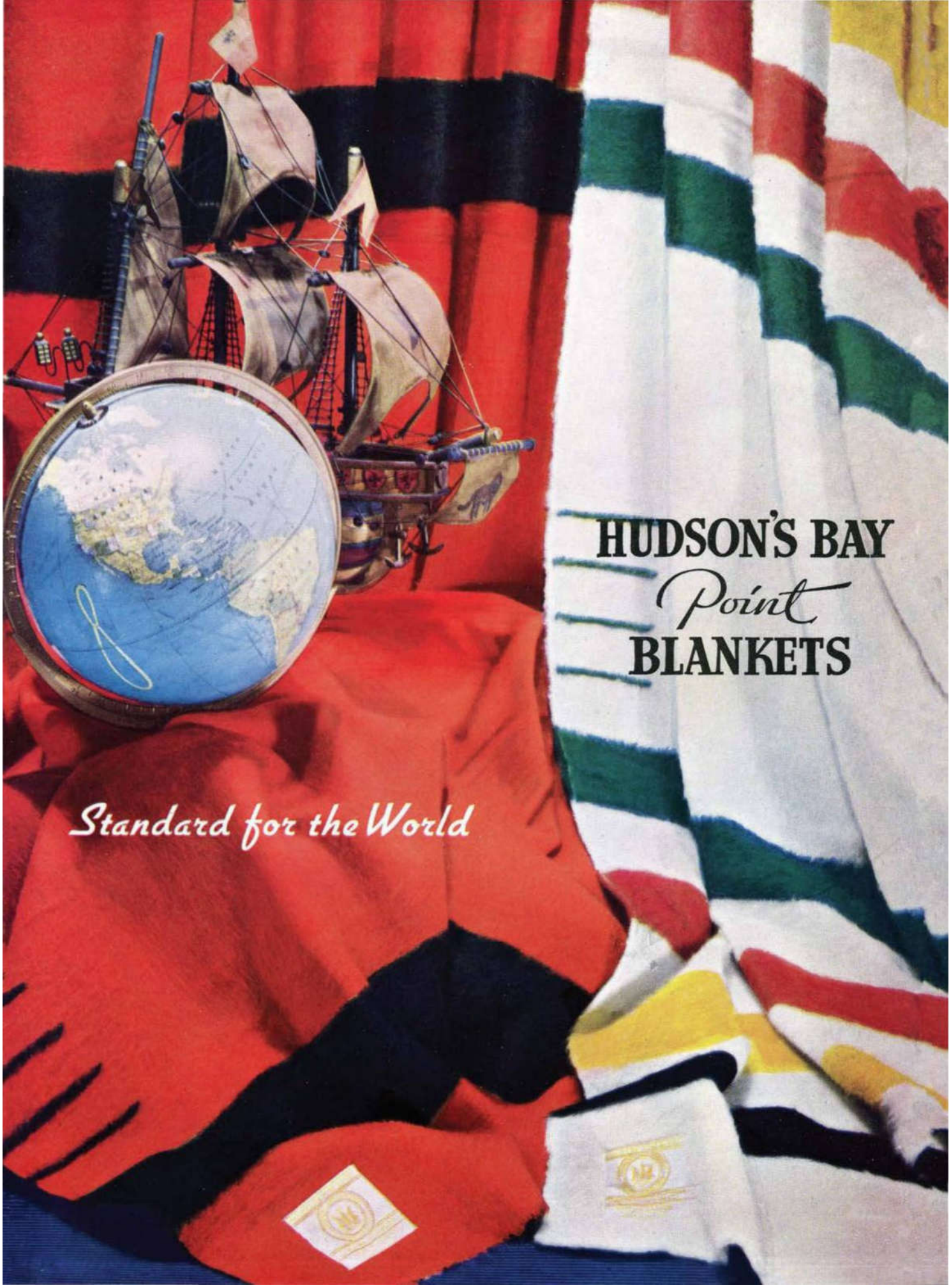
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